

THE CHIMPS: GROWING UP

continued from preceding page

ranking males, the adolescent must be cautious for now, more than when he was a mere juvenile, an act of insubordination is likely to bring severe retribution. Once, when the mature male, Leakey, was enjoying a particularly large pile of bananas, we saw the young Pepe moving very cautiously towards him. Pepe, obviously, was half-expecting some threatening gesture warning him to keep his distance.

Gradually, though, he got closer and closer and finally sat, only a few feet away, with a huge grin of fear on his face. He reached hesitantly towards a banana, but his fear of Leakey caused him to withdraw his hand with sudden nervous squeaks. Again he reached out, and again caution got the better of him and he pulled back, screaming louder.

Then Leakey leant towards Pepe and reassuringly touched the young male on his mouth and then in his groin. Pepe, however, still continued to make little fear-squeaks until Leakey once more reached towards him and patted the youngster's head and patted gently and repeatedly. At last Pepe was calmed and gathered a small pile of bananas to take away and eat at a more comfortable distance.

Many adult males, however, are less tolerant than Leakey. Indeed, on other occasions, in a different mood, Leakey might well have threatened rather than reassured Pepe, however submissive the adolescent's approach had been. And there are times when, as a youngster sits, at a distance, watching a high-ranking male stuffing himself with food, the tension appears to build up until the adolescent has to give vent to his frustration in a charging display. Off he goes, crashing through the undergrowth and dragging branches.

But even this may provoke a reprimand from one of the big males—for it seems that adult chimpanzees are often irritated by a lot of noise and commotion from a youngster. The adolescent may well be chased and even attacked from his ill-advised display. Why, then, does the adolescent male so frequently associate with mature males?

Part of the answer probably lies in the fact that on most occasions aggressive incidents are, as it were, "made up" very quickly—particularly those involving young adolescent males. Indeed, for many youngsters, the need for friendly physical contact from a male who has just threatened or attacked them appears to be compelling.

Once Oly's son Evered was attacked savagely by Goliath—simply because he got in the way during a charging display. At the end of the incident Evered was bleeding and had lost great handfuls of hair. Yet even so he followed Goliath when the big male walked away and, when Goliath sat, crept cautiously towards him.

Evered was screaming

loudly, and his fear of Goliath was such that he kept turning and starting to move away; yet his desire for a reassuring touch prevailed and eventually he got close enough to present his rump, still screaming and crouched flat to the ground. After a moment Goliath reached out and began to pat Evered's back again and again until, after full one and a half minutes, Evered's screams became whimpers, and he finally quietened altogether. Only then did Goliath stop patting him.

Of course, away from the artificial conditions of our feeding area, the aggression of the high-ranking males towards their subordinates is much decreased, and the young adolescent male often appears more relaxed in the company of adult males out in the forest. Usually, however, he does not join in the long sessions of social grooming so beloved by his elders: he sits a few yards away from the mature males, grooming himself.

When the group climbs into a tree to feed, the adolescent male often sits at a discreet distance from his superiors—sometimes, indeed, he feeds in a neighbouring tree. When the mature males start their displays, on arrival at some food source, the adolescent male is likely to keep out of the way until things have calmed down. Nevertheless, he is a part of the adult male group, and, therefore, able to learn from his superiors—and young chimpanzees almost certainly do learn a good deal simply from watching others of their kind. The growing female can learn much that will benefit her later in life from her mother, particularly when a new sibling is born, but since the young male has no "father" as such—no male, that is, who is attached permanently to the family group—he must leave his mother and deliberately seek out adult male company.

When the frustrations of being with individuals so dominant to him become too great, the adolescent male either travels with his mother for a while or often by himself. Nearly all the adolescent males we have known have, as they get older, spent long periods—hours or even days—completely out of sight and often out of earshot of other chimpanzees.

We have watched several splendid young males, aged between thirteen and fifteen, gradually leaving adolescence behind them as they entered the dominance hierarchy of the socially mature males. Faben and Pepe, who were about the same age, not only displayed frequently and vigorously at each other, competing for dominance, but also began to display at the lower-ranking mature males.

It may well be that the charging display is particularly adaptive in this respect. There is the possibility that, during such a display, the male chimpanzee may lose many of his social inhibitions. This could explain why a young male may actually charge towards a chimpanzee to whom, during less frenzied moments, he would show great respect.

How chimpanzees grow

Some chimpanzees, like some humans, develop faster than others: moreover, the behaviour of a chimpanzee's mother undoubtedly has a marked effect on his physical and social development; the same holds good for human mothers too. A mother, for instance, may be permissive or restrictive towards her child's early attempts to walk; she may be tolerant or nervous of his initial contacts with others of his kind. The ages given here for the appearance of different physical or social developments in chimpanzees are the earliest at which they were observed in Gombe youngsters.

Four to eight weeks
Sucks thumb

Mother may tickle occasionally and briefly
Stares at object; reaches towards it
Struggles to pull from mother's hand during game
Stands upright holding on to mother

Eight to twelve weeks
Pushes and pulls itself forward on mother's body
Reaches towards object and grasps, showing co-ordination

First tooth
Mother plays frequently and for longer at a time
Infant shows play face and laughing during tickling

12-16 weeks
Chews and swallows first piece of solid food
Four to five months
Reaches to play with mother's hand during game

Starts to ride on mother's back
Takes first step
Mother-infant contact broken
Climbs up sapling or branch
Kidnapped (a sibling may kidnap earlier, during 4th month)

Kisses another
Six to seven months
Attempts to groom another, inefficiently
Seven to eight months
Attempts to make a nest
Attacked mildly by another female
Mounts and thrusts "pink"

15 to 16 months
Runs at and hits another infant aggressively
Reassures another in correct context

Even a high-ranking male may, on occasions, move out of the way of a vigorously displaying adolescent.

If an adolescent is able to displace low-ranking adult males sufficiently frequently it will undoubtedly increase his self-confidence; and it may well be that the pattern of dominance will be permanently disrupted. Certainly it seems that the more spectacular his charging display the more likely it is that the youngster will break into the hierarchy of his elders.

After a while both Faben and Pepe began to hold their ground and even retake when lower-ranking adults threatened them. They started to join in grooming sessions with Rudolf and Leakey and David Greybeard, the more tolerant of the high-ranking males. They charged into camp along with the other big males, and took their turn at courting attractive females during the frenzy of excitement after arriving at a food source, instead of waiting until things were calm and their elders less worked up.

Their period of apprenticeship was over and, from then on, their rise in the dominance ladder would depend on individual intelligence and determination rather than the slow



17 to 18 months
Grooms with adult technique
Two to three years
Charging display and "rain dance" in correct context (early)

Violent attack on another youngster (early)
Attempts tool-using in correct context (early)

By five years
Weaned
Five to six years
Starts to lose milk teeth
May start to move around for short periods without mother

About eight or nine years
Attains puberty
About 11 or 12 years
First infant born

About 15 years
Male becomes fully socially mature

maturing of their physical selves.

LITLESSLY GILKA dangled from the branch of a tree above me, one leg bent at the knee and the foot pressed into the opposite groin. For a full minute she remained thus, almost motionless. Then, her movements slow, she climbed to the ground and hobbled forward on three limbs, still keeping her foot tucked.

When she was some four feet from her mother, Oly, who was working with a grass tool fishing for termites, Gilka stopped and began to utter a series of low whimpers. For a minute Oly ignored the child and then she pulled Gilka towards her and began to tickle her. Soon Gilka was uttering the panting chuckle of chimpanzee laughter. But the game lasted for less than a minute—then Oly pushed her daughter away and resumed her endless termite fishing.

Gilka picked up one of Oly's discarded tools, and idly pushed it into an opened-up termite passage. No insect clung to the end when she withdrew the grass; she tried once more and then abandoned the attempt.

A few minutes later Gilka again approached Oly and

stood, uttering her soft pleading whimpers. For a while Oly ignored her completely, then suddenly she reached out and drew her daughter close, allowing her to suckle for about half a minute before pushing her away.

Gilka stood staring at Oly for a moment, then turned away and climbed back into her tree. There she sat, slumped, and picked little pieces of bark from the trunk. She broke them in her fingers, scarcely looking at what she was doing, and dropped them to the ground.

At that time Gilka was about four-and-a-half years old. For the previous seven months she had been going through an increasingly difficult period. First of all her elder brother Evered, who had been her constant playmate, had reached adolescence and, in consequence, moved about with his family less and less frequently.

Secondly, Oly, because she was nervous in the company of vigorous young males, had begun to shun Oly and her family.

So Gilka, often for days at a stretch, wandered through the forests with only her old mother for companionship—a mother who was weaning her child and rejecting Gilka's attempts to suckle with increasing determination.

Small wonder that Gilka, formerly such a gay and lively little chimp, became increasingly lethargic. Almost certainly it was because of her boredom, her lack of chimpanzee playmates, that during that period she formed a very strange friendship indeed.

One day, when Gilka was again hanging around whilst Oly fished for termites, I heard a baboon bark farther down the valley. At the sound Gilka's whole attitude underwent a sudden change. She stood upright, peering towards the sound, then climbed higher in the tree and perched towards a clearing about 100 yards down the valley.

When I, too, looked in that direction, I could just make out some baboons moving through the trees. After a few moments Gilka swung rapidly from the tree and set off towards the clearing. Oly merely glanced after her daughter and then went on with her endless termite eating.

I followed Gilka for a short way and then, when I could see fairly well into the clearing, stopped to watch what would happen. Gilka moved out from the trees, and at almost the same time a small baboon detached itself from the troop and cantered towards her. I did not need binoculars to identify Gobiina, a female of about the same age as Gilka.

As I watched, the two ran up to each other and, for a few seconds their faces were very close together. Each had one arm around the other. The next moment they were playing, wrestling and patting at each other. Gobiina went around behind Gilka and, reaching forward, seemed to tickle the chimpanzee in the ribs.

Gilka, leaning back, pushed at Gobiina's hands, her mouth open in a wide smile. It is fairly common for young chimpanzees and young baboons to play together, but the games usually consist of wild chasing around, either on the ground or through the trees, or sparring when each hits out quickly towards the other and then draws away. Often, too, such games end with aggressive behaviour from one of the other. Gilka's friendship with Gobiina was quite different: the contact between the two youngsters was nearly always gentle, and they often deliberately sought each other's company as they had done on this occasion.

The strange friendship lasted nearly a year; then Oly and Gilka disappeared. For a while we thought something must have happened to them, but then they were seen some three miles to the north. When they returned to our valley, six months later, Gobiina was already adolescent and less playful for baboons mature faster than chimps. The friendship between the two youngsters was not revived.

We soon realised that during those six months Gilka had been weaned, and although she still accompanied her mother constantly, we saw few friendly interactions between the two. Indeed, Oly, whom we soon discovered was again pregnant, sometimes seemed to be unnecessarily aggressive towards her daughter. Often, for instance, she would mildly threaten Gilka if the child approached within ten feet or so when she was feeding—even when the two were eating in a tree that was bearing more than sufficient for their needs.

THE FEMALE CHIMPANZEE, like the male, becomes adolescent at about seven years. She starts to show small and irregular swellings of her sex skin, although she will not menstruate or become sexually attractive to the mature males for another two years or so.

She, too, must be cautious in her dealings with her social superiors—in her case, not only the adult males but also the adult females and adolescent males as well. And she may be threatened by the precocious juvenile offspring of high-ranking mothers.

When Fifi became an adolescent there was no discernible change in her relationship with her mother except that, gradu-

ally, Fifi became less tolerant of her daughter sharing in her food. Fifi continued to follow Flo through the forests and to help look after the four-year-old Flint. When Fifi was threatened or attacked Flo would sometimes back up her mother.

So far we have only been able to observe interactions between one mother with her adolescent daughter. Like Flo and Fifi, these two usually travelled around together, but for the rest their relationship seemed very different; the daughter was tense and nervous of her mother in feeding situations, and we never saw either of them show concern if the other was threatened or attacked.

There was, in fact, little of the relaxed and friendly comradeship which existed between Flo and Fifi although, in both cases, mother and daughter spent much time grooming each other.

After about a year of adolescence the sexual swelling of the female gradually becomes larger and larger, though it does not yet equal the proportions of the fully adult swelling. Even at this stage the mature male shows no interest, though male infants constantly mount young females when they are pink.

Finally, however, the day comes when a female develops a swelling which attracts the mature males—usually when she is about nine years old. I well remember the day when a young female, known as Pooch, showed her first grown-up pinkness. First one and then another of the adult males approached her with his hair erect, shook branches at her, swaggered from foot to foot or hunched his shoulders—for almost all of the gestures of courtship are also part of threatening behaviour.

Again and again Pooch screamed and fled, but the males followed her and their courtship became increasingly aggressive. Finally Pooch turned and rushed towards them, crouching close to the ground and screaming as, at last, the males mounted her. After each sexual act she rushed away, still screaming.

Her fright and bewilderment that first day were only too obvious. By the second day, however, she had calmed down somewhat, and though she still screamed when a male approached her, she appeared far less terrified.

Fifi's sexual development was quite different from that of any other young female we have watched to date. In fact, she was possibly the chimpanzee equivalent of a nymphomaniac.

About six months before she developed her first truly adult swelling, Fifi showed an almost fanatical interest in the sexual behaviour of older females. Sometimes she would trail around after other young females when they were pink, so that she was close at hand when they were mounted. And, when such moments came, Fifi either jumped on to the pink female's back, pushing her own little bottom as close to the male as she could, or she rushed around behind the pair and pressed her bottom against the male's as he mated.

When Fifi finally achieved a full swelling of her own she responded instantly to the slightest sign of sexual interest in any of the males. Indeed, she often forestalled them, hurrying up and presenting before they had even looked in her direction.

When these first pink days finally ended, Fifi it seemed could not believe it. The first morning we saw her hurry up to adult Mike, present her rump, and crouch, soliciting mating. For a few moments she remained motionless, then she looked at him over her shoulder as though wondering why he did not respond.

She backed an inch towards him, still watching. Finally Mike reached out, made a few grooming movements on her rump, and then moved away. Slowly Fifi sat up, staring after him as though in amazement.

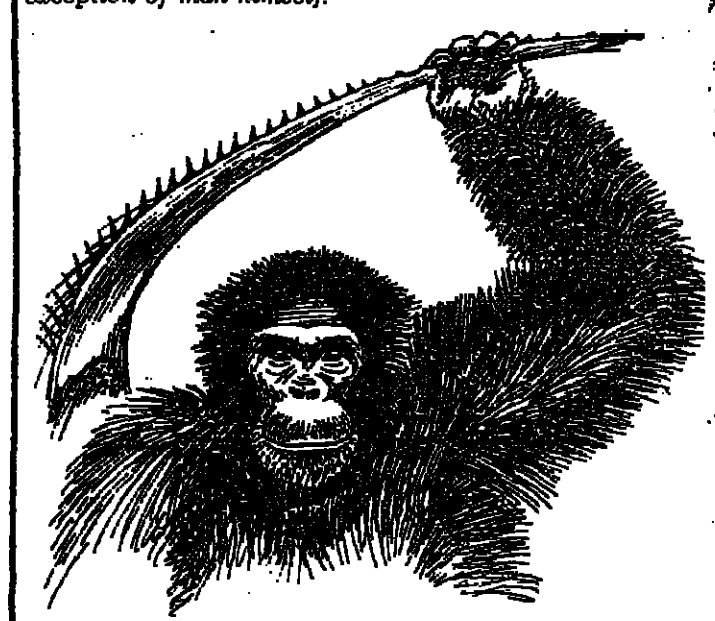
Presently Evered came into camp. Fifi rushed over to him and repeated her solicitation. Again and again she backed towards him, again and again he nudged out of the way. The last time she backed he had just turned to look elsewhere, and Fifi caught him off balance. Evered all but toppled over backwards before scrambling to his feet and making haste to increase the distance between himself and this importunate young female.

Fifi continued to present in this way for a couple of days more, and then, it seemed, resigned herself to the fact that she was no longer attractive. We couldn't help laughing when, during her next period of pinkness, we constantly saw her reclining on her side with one hand draped, as though protectively, over her pink swelling—for all the world as if she was determined that this time it would not vanish so mysteriously.

For the next year Fifi continued to show a keen desire for sexual contact during her pink days. She took to hanging about, either in camp or somewhere in the valley, where she could observe the chimpanzees who arrived for bananas. If a male arrived she would often rush over and solicit mating. While the adult

The tool-users

The chimpanzee uses the objects of his environment as tool to a greater extent than any other living animal with the exception of man himself.



Above: Stick used as weapon.



Above: Aimed throwing. Right: Investigation probe—chimpanzee sniffs end of stick after poking it into a hole in dead wood. Insect larvae are detected the wood is broken open and the grub eaten.



Left: Stick used to feed on safari ants. These ants have a very painful bite and the chimpanzee tries to prevent them crawling over his body whilst he plunges his stick into the ants' underground nest. A stick is also used to feed on ants living in bare football-sized nests constructed around the branches of trees. Right: Grass stems used to "fish" for termites.



Top left: Tool-making—leaves are stripped from a stem to make a tool for termite fishing. Or the edges of a wide blade of grass may be stripped off to make an appropriate tool. Right: Leaves which the chimpanzee has made more absorbent by chewing are used as a "sponge" to sop up rainwater that cannot be reached with the lips. Bottom left: Leaf sponge used to wipe remnants of brain from inside the skull of a baboon. Right: Leaves used to dab at bleeding wound on bottom. Sometimes when a chimpanzee has diarrhoea, he uses leaves as toilet paper he may also use them to wipe off mud or sticky foods.

Gombe Stream chimpanzees have also been seen to use stone sticks as "levers"—to enlarge the opening of an underground bees' nest and frequently to try to pry open banana boxes. One chimpanzee used a twig as a toothpick and one picked its nose with a piece of straw.

Drawings by David Bygott

males did not show quite the enthusiasm for the daughter as they had for the mother, they usually responded to her invitations with mating.

We were interested to discover that Fifi was extremely reluctant to be mated by her brothers. She even prevented little Flint from mounting her, though in the days before her first true swelling she had shown no objection whatsoever. Moreover, though Fifi and Faben were observed to mate with their sister, after a subsequent sexual interaction between the siblings only one occurred very rarely.

There was one chaotic period when Flo and Fifi went pink together. The males had an exhausting eight days or so and the chimps moved about in a huge group of over twenty individuals.

Every time that Flo was mated Fifi and Flint rushed over to interfere, pushing at the male's face and, afterwards, Fifi would solicit mating herself. And every time that Fifi was mated Flo and Flint would rush up and interfere, after which the male would usually mate with Flo.

Added to this there were usually two or more infants other than Flint rushing up to interfere as well, so that sometimes the mating couple would be all but invisible beneath the cluster of chimpanzees that

were all getting in the way. It was one of the rare occasions when chimpanzees other than infants were observed interfering with mating.

It was possibly significant that not once, during the days of intense sexual activity, did we see either Faben or Fifi try to mate with their mother. And this despite the fact that they were a part of the group surrounding her and that every other physical mature male did copulate with Flo. Nor did we ever see Evered attempt to mate with his mother when Oly was pink.

Of the nine females we progress during adolescence we have been able to wait not one has given birth to at least two years after her adult swelling. The same often true of captive individuals, but exactly why work we do not, as yet, understand. Certainly, though, a time lag is beneficial to a chimpanzee female, for at a years of age she is not socially mature, nor is she completely grown, and she has enough to cope with the added burden and responsibility of a baby.

These articles are edited by In the Shadow of Man, by J. van Lawick-Goodall, a photographer by Hugo Lawick, to be published October 18 by Collins at £1.50.

Personal

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HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS

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SPAIN

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PHILIP OAKES TALKS TO PENELOPE MORTIMER
JULIAN SYMONS: A WESTERN TRIUMPH

Maurice Wiggin reports on the BBC's mammoth and controversial documentary about the French Occupation

THE TELEVISION MYTH-BREAKERS

TWENTY YEARS as a television critic I have known occasions which were more exciting, more beautiful, more charming and frankly more congenial; but few which raised more soundly interesting and important questions in the mind of the viewer. This enormous compilation film study of France under the German Occupation was written and directed by Marcel Ophüls, not shown by the French television service, ORTF, but shown in the French cinema and on Swiss and German TV. It is shown by BBC2 from 8 pm on Friday until 10 am on Saturday.

Any viewer who voluntarily avoided exposure to this sombre experience has my sympathy. It is a measure of understanding: it was gruelling, deeply sad, almost unbearably depressing. It was charged with that unmistakable tension of the historic event. M. Ophüls and his colleagues re-examined the traumatic French experience by a process of alternating time propaganda and news film—sometimes they were the same thing—with the hindsight of 1969 (when this film was made). The result is an impression of confusion which, at the moment, I feel may be indelible, though experience teaches, and this film heavily underlines the lesson, that nothing is so permanent as it seems.

If we may sum up the philosophical implications of the film... It affirms the precariousness of human order, the illusive nature of institutions and ideologies, the viciousness of propaganda, the imperfection of memory, the ineradicable tendency to believe in what is congenial and to recollect what ministers to our self-esteem.

The sheer bulk and mass of the film was in one measure a protection—for the sensitive viewer, a necessary protection—against being overwhelmed by the sorrow and the pity of it. Though never boring, it did contain tracts of less engrossing material which, to a non-Frenchman at any rate, morosely lowered the temperature. There were times, for example, when it seemed not so much the story of France as the story of M. Ophüls. The film's cast of survivors chosen by M. Ophüls represented a social and ideological cross-section of French society: from the Communist leader Duclos to the monarchist Colonel Ducloux and the ex-Fascist aristocrat Christian de Mazière, who fought with 7,000 of his men in the French Châteauneuf Division of the Waffen SS. From a village barber who was betrayed to Buchenwald for his activities in the Resistance to Petain's placid Minister, Lamiand and Laval's unctuous in-law, the Comte de Chambrun, who described Laval as a Resistance fighter.

It was the cumulative effect of the relentless presentation of this film which finally told, rather than the novelty of any particular revelation. In fact, there was rather little that seemed new—though it was certainly surprising to learn that during the making of the film they failed to find a single person in France who had actually heard de Gaulle's historic broadcast to his countrymen from London in 1940. The suggestions of cynical treachery in places in 1940; the allegations that French Jews were zealous collaborators with the Nazis; and that Laval's anti-Semitic zeal was so fervent that the German's own—all this had been heard before, together with the alleged allegations that the well-off bourgeoisie collaborated most willingly.

It is easy to understand the film's effect on children, especially on that younger generation which has grown up with the myth that

most of their fathers were resistance-minded and that France contributed greatly to her liberation. The truth, as a character said, appears to be that "France was split in two." This film showed much that we would all like to forget—but also much that we should remember. There was self-preservation, honest doubt, indifference, callous cruelty—and also great courage. As an indubitable hero of the Resistance put it: "I think you joined the Resistance only if you were some way maladjusted," and he added in a thoughtful murmur, "If you always adjust to everything, you are not a very attractive person."

As Lord Avon said to the interviewer, "It is not for a nation which has not gone through the horrors of occupation to judge a nation which has." True, and never to be forgotten. But no Englishman could see this haunting and terrible compilation without asking himself questions. How should we have behaved if England had been occupied? How did the Germans behave when Germany was occupied? Even the question: How do you feel now about the Common Market? and many insistent questions about the very nature of history ("Bunk" said Henry Ford); about the nature of propaganda, about patriotism and the soldierly virtues, about pacifism and internationalism, about myth and illusion and memory and most insistently about mass communications.

Reverting to my old theme of the convergence of fact and fiction, I was persistently reminded during these painful hours of BBC 2's most memorable, most powerful, though by no means most popular drama series, Sartre's "The Roads to Freedom," which presented a brilliant, committed artist's vision of the harrowing truth of 1940 with almost unbearable poignancy. And I found myself thinking not only of Rex Fick's gripping historical serial *Manhunt*, set in those same circumstances, which has been having its second run on London Weekend Television, but also of his current serial, *The Guardians*, which is an attempt to project a vision of England under totalitarian government in the near future.

The *Guardians* has been very uneven. John Bowen's contributions stand out so clearly that I wish he could have written the entire series. But the main objection which I have, the real misgiving, is that the characters seem to be living in a curious isolation. One wonders where the population is. There is no feeling of a restless, mutinous, freedom-loving population, milling around outside, murmuring for change. England is strangely quiet. The Ophüls film makes one ask still more insistently, would it be so quiet?

I do not, of course, presume to answer any of the questions raised by these experiences. It is all I can do to isolate them, to suggest that they are still there, still unanswered, and to leave them to you. These are the occasions which justify TV's claim to importance—and underline its common triviality, and ours.

MODEST Mike Wooller, originator and producer of the intriguing series *All in a Day*, is the man who would have carried the can if it had been a total failure instead of a partial success. So I gave him all the credit there was. But he is anxious that credit for their interpretation of the idea and understanding of the concept should go to his team of young directors—Tim King, Alan Bell, Rex Bloomstein and Anna Benson-Gyles—and also the film editors, in particular David Naden and David Martin. Gladly.



The first British production of Alban Berg's opera "Lulu" opens at the New Theatre, Cardiff, presented by the Welsh National Opera. Carole Farley sings the title role and Paul Hudson (right) is the strong-man Rodrigo. Production by Michael Gelat, the designer is Ralph Koltai, the conductor James Lockhart

MY MUSICAL WEEK began in Scotland and led me to the Round House, Albert Hall and Covent Garden. In two Usher Hall concerts under George Solli, and on their first ever European tour, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra proved their place among America's first three or four. If the woodwind, despite an outstanding first oboe, sounded less individually coloured than some, strings and brass proved outstanding both in tone and discipline. The varied textures of Elliott Carter's *Variations*, despite austerity of musical language and complexity of thought, offered scope for orchestral display.

So, too, did the more familiar world of Mahler's Fifth Symphony. This found Solli in the urgent and passionate mood that London knows so well. The mourners of the first movement stepped briskly, and the wilder scherzo and the long Rondo-finale blazed along, except of course in their more sentimental moments. A notable feature of these concerts was that even in the most monumental climaxes the Chicago sound was neither brash nor too loud for the hall, an acoustic point the Boston Symphony failed to observe.

Some of Solli's urgency informed an impeccable account of Mozart's D minor Piano Concerto by Vladimir Ashkenazy, who was in the same splendid form at Tuesday's Prom. There, too, the LPO under time Pritchard, he made light of the technical difficulties of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto, but not of its musical content. A prince among pianists.

On several counts, the London

orchestral premiere of Messiaen's *Poèmes pour Mi* song-cycle at this concert failed to reach anything like a similar standard of execution. A key work in his earlier, pre-war manner, its unfamiliarity is partly the composer's fault, for he demands a dramatic soprano of Wagnerian vocal girth. More of a Mélisande than an Isolde, though with doubtful French vowels, Jane Marsh, hardly fulfils the ideal, and is no match for Messiaen's more taxing passages. And neither Mr Pritchard nor the LPO seemed quite happy with his irregular rhythms. It was, on the whole, an unconvincing performance, unlike, for example, the completely idiomatic account of an earlier French song-cycle, Debussy's *Proses Lyriques*, by Gerald English and Margaret Kitchin in Edinburgh the previous morning.

The week's newer music included, at another Edinburgh morning concert, the first performance of Martin Dally's *The Keeper of the Pass*, commissioned by the Festival for the Matrix, yet another with-it group in which the ubiquitous Alan Hacker toots his clarinets and Jane Manning further exploits her vocal versatility. The fashionable text (revised, of course, by consultation of the "I Ching") mystical, muddled and peppered by a little Nietzschean blasphemy, is set in a fashionable way which

shows that Mr Dally can play this particular game rather well, without denying his more positive musical abilities. Another young composer who knows what music is about, but is more interested in exploration than in cultivation is George Newson, who, after the promise of an early Cheltenham Festival commission, touched an all-time low with an electronic piece based on recorded birdcalls which once filled the Elizabeth Hall with indescribable cacophony for too long. His Arena, a BBC commission this time, brought a kind of tropical circus to the Round House. It involved Jane Manning (of course), Alan Hacker (of course), Cleo Laine, Joe Melia, the King's Singers and the Goldsmiths' College Music Society Choir. Mr Newson threw them all to the lions with fine fecklessness. But behind the multimedia mish-mash, a scene for Cleo Laine on the subject of Adam's myth, and his other extravaganzas, there was enough evidence in his handling of musical resources, even in the simplest sections, to show that Newson, like Dally, knows what music is about.

A team of ten, with Gerlie Charles, Marie-Thérèse Cahn and William Pearson supplying what might doubtfully be termed the vocal element, were conducted in Ligeti's *Aventures* and *Nouvelles aventures* by Pierre Boulez who

The isle is full of noises

MUSIC □ FELIX APRAHAMIAN

had more difficulty in restraining his amusement than in beating time. The joke, new to London perhaps, is at least eleven years old. It began in a Cologne attic, the Atelier Baumeister (Miss Baumeister is now Mrs Stockhausen), when a younger William Pearson performed Carlo Bussotti's "Pearson Piece" with the composer, as a fringe event of the I.S.C.M. Festival. Now the two added ladies make the vocal antics treble hilarious. But, the visual fun apart, Mr Ligeti's score is very, very thin.

AFTER which, the long E flat chord opening Wagner's *Rheingold* has never sounded more welcome or confident than it did on Wednesday at Covent Garden when Edward Downes began the first of this year's two "Ring" cycles. Apart from

two splendid visitors, Karl Ridderbusch, an almost touchingly lyrical Fasolt, and Marius Rintzler, a musical as well as malign Alberich, the cast is a strong home team. A lyric quality of voice also informs Ava June's Freia and Alberto Remedios' Froh. John Lanigan has the right detachment for Loge, while Donald McIntyre's golden-voiced Wotan fulfils all hopes. Mr Downes' reading, gentler than Solti's, was no less precise. Thursday's *Walküre* brought two newcomers, Ridderbusch's nobly sonorous Hunding, and the Siegmund of Richard Cassilly, an equally Herculean American, to partner the already much admired and ever movingly beautiful Sieglinde of Helga Dernesch. This vocal arduous was matched by the consistently fine and flexible orchestral playing secured by Mr Downes. With the now familiar *Brünnhilde* of Amy Shuard, Donald McIntyre's Wotan, the acceptable castings of a new Fricka (Ruth Hesse), and a full-voiced team of Valkyries, Covent Garden's latest Wagner trilogy has begun two proudly.

centre and library is being established as one of the central places of the ICA. The place is changing shape as well. Gifts from builder-art collector Alistair McAlpine and Terrence Conran are making it possible to break up the hangar-like appearance of the main gallery with a mezzanine floor, a bigger restaurant, a bar and more exhibiting room. "We're aiming to get the ICA back to a talk place, a forum," says Thompson. Soon after the ICA opens in October, Auden will be reading there and a special exhibition will study the much-heralded cassette revolution. All are tied to lectures.

● **The score at Leeds**
 NEXT WEDNESDAY the Leeds Playhouse celebrates its first birthday with the world premiere of *Funckins Wilson's Picture*, in a Bath of Acid in which Alfred Burke plays Strindberg. Before then, tomorrow in fact, the theatre's board will receive the first season's accounts. And they're not bad at all. After subsidies of £22,000 from the Arts Council and £5,000 from Leeds, the operating deficit turns out to be £2,222, though they still need £40,000 on the capital account to cover the cost of the building. Customers during the eight-month period numbered 80,950. Hamlet drew audiences of 87 per cent capacity and Arthur Miller's *The Crucible* attracted 73 per cent. Perhaps the most encouraging figure is to be found for Ken Campbell's *Old Dead*. Cole at matinees only—11,536 children and parents turned up.

● **LSO for Milan**
 THE LONDON SYMPHONY Orchestra's winter plans, to be concerts in October at the Verdi Conservatorio in Milan. The highlight of the LSO's visit will in fact be the subject of a probable world premiere at the Festival Hall on October 10 when the orchestra plays Paganini's Third Violin Concerto with the soloist Henryk Szeryng. I say "probable" because it is not known for certain whether the piece was played in Paganini's lifetime. Alexander Gibson, who has already recorded the work with the LSO, will conduct in London. Edward Downes takes over in Milan.

NEWS IN THE ARTS

BBC TV launch exploring epic

KENNETH PEARSON

was an instant success. Later she was compared with George Eliot, and Henry James when time lamented his inferiority! At the height of her career, when someone stole a plot of hers for a play, she sued, won, and her action caused a change in copyright laws. Grateful English authors sent her an inscribed bracelet.

● **Tate buys Phillips**

ANGELA FLOWERS is moving her art gallery from Leicester Square to Portland Mews, off D'Arbury Street, in the middle of Soho. Her first show, opening on September 20, will include one new picture from each of her protégés, a batch which includes Patrick Hughes, Penny Slinger, Jeff Nuttall, Derek Hirst and Tom Phillips. Phillips himself gets a new picture, too. The opening shouting has died down. For this one, Angela Flowers has lined up a scoop. She will be showing for the first time the Phillips' picture which the Tate has just bought for £1,500.

● **Military profiles**

MILITARY historian Correlli Barnett has just delivered his latest study to Eyre and Spottiswoode. They will be bringing out *The Collapse of British Power* next spring. The book spreads itself on 1940, but then looks back over 120 years at the reasons for our decline. Not waiting a moment, Barnett has just signed a contract with Rainbird who will co-produce with Eyre and Spottiswoode Barnett's next, the life of Marlborough.

● **New Vic theatre**

THE ARTS COUNCIL has given the Young Vic £1,000 to sound-proof and otherwise prepare its small studio theatre for production. Work is going on now to fix it for seats and lighting. Director, Frank Dunlop, and assistant director Peter James are looking for a new play to open the studio theatre at the end of October. After that the theatre

● **Hidden subsidies**

VARIETY has just published the results of its London critics' poll and the results, apart from their news value, show a remarkable trend. One at least which shows the way the West End commercial theatre is going. Out of the seventeen awards made by the critics, six went to 69 Theatre company's *Catch My Soul*. Others went to Kean and to *Forget Me Not Lane*. All told, fifteen out of the seventeen prizes went to shows which had started life in Arts Council subsidised regional theatres. West End theatre managers, faced with rising costs, are relying more and more on well-tried imports whose initial costs have been borne by public subsidies.

● **Fauntleroy fun**

ANN THWAITE, children's story writer, flies to New York and Boston this week to pick up novel threads in an exciting detective story. She is writing the first British biography of Frances Hodgson Burnett, the author of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (1886) and *The Secret Garden* (1910). It's a riches to rags and back to riches story. F.H.B. was born in Manchester in 1849, the daughter of a hardware manufacturer who went broke and died when the American Civil War cut off cotton supplies and his Manchester customers ran out of money. The rest of the family emigrated to Tennessee, lived at first in a long cabin and ate off the delicate china plates of past affluent days. F.H.B., who wrote over fifty books among which her serious novels were very well reviewed, began by writing romantic yarns for magazines. Her first novel, called *Oh dear—That Lass o' Lowrie's*,

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BEFORE READING Wallace Stegner's *Angle of Repose*, I should have said that Robert Penn Warren was the only living American novelist with the rich sense of historical imagination that can truly revive and illuminate the past. Warren's spoiled masterpiece "World Enough and Time" (spoiled only because the style's rhetorical luxuriance contains in the end a hint of pastiche) is still too little regarded in this country. It would be sad if Mr Stegner's fine, but for English readers in some ways difficult, novel achieved only similar disregard.

The setting is the American West in the second half of the nineteenth century, and the difficulty lies in the fact that many readers here can hardly tell Colorado from Idaho. The book follows the life of a mining engineer named Oliver Ward, and his wife Susan, as they move from a pleasant house in California to a log cabin in Leadville, Colorado, to Boise City, Idaho, where Oliver has a grandiose irrigation scheme to make himself rich and thousands of acres prosperous. The character of a rough, dangerous life, particularly as experienced by Susan, is reconstructed with such fidelity that at times it might be the record of some intrepid woman traveller of the time like Isabella Bird.

The story of Oliver and Susan does not come to us direct, but filtered through the imagination of their grandson, Lyman Ward. Lyman, a one-legged cripple confined to a wheelchair and dying by inches of an arthritic bone disease, is trying through paper and letters to write about his grandparents' lives. The narrative moves from his life as a helpless puppet who has to be bathed and dressed, to that of Oliver and Susan, and the distancing effect of this alteration in time and place points up some modern morals, and takes away altogether what might be a cloying chronicle novel flavour.

It is through Lyman's sensibility that we see the problems of Susan, a reasonably talented artist and book-illustrator accustomed to civilised New York when she is translated to a world that seems intolerably crude. She

Window on the West

ANGLE OF REPOSE by Wallace Stegner/Heinemann £3.25

WHO WERE YOU WITH LAST NIGHT? by Frederic Raphael Cape £1.50

TENANTS OF THE HOUSE by Gilbert Phelps/Barrie & Jenkins £2

TRAVELS IN NIHILON by Alan Sillitoe/W H Allen £2

JULIAN SYMONS

lives a separate life out in the West, obtaining commissions from fashionable magazines like Scribner's and the Atlantic, and corresponding endlessly with cultured friends back in the East. And at the novel's climax, as often through the narrative, Lyman has to fall back on conjecture. Some terrible event occurred, after which the lives of Susan, Oliver, and their son young Oliver were no longer the same, but its exact nature has to be guessed at, is never certainly known. A fine intelligence is combined in the book with a driving narrative force that never falters through its 500-odd pages.

Frederic Raphael's short novel *Who Were You With Last Night?* is a not wholly successful attempt to give a new dimension to the thriller. In a first person narrative Charlie Hanson tells how he dropped into domesticity with red-haired Lola against his intention and desire, and why he would like to get rid of her even though at times he thinks "I'm really quite fond of that woman." Their silences are full of discontent that never becomes anger, their bickering hardly rises to the level of a quarrel, yet his commonplace conceal murderous thoughts.

All this is well established, but the climactic action is a let-down. Charlie starts an affair with a woman at the office, and they are trapped naked in the boss's room by one of those little sex-starved men complete with mackintosh and gun. After some fairly syntactic excitement Charlie goes back to his Lola. Somewhere in



Wallace Stegner

his stream of consciousness a lively thriller has got lost. "Who are the tenants of Hugo's house? And what is the house, with paranoia latent on the top floor and relative tranquillity in its garden?" asks the dust wrapper of Gilbert Phelps' *Tenants of the House*. Good questions, I must say, which remain unanswered at the end of a story combining Dickensian parody with a slow-motion vision with a Kafkaesque weight of symbolism.

Ignore the symbolism, however, and you have a very enjoy-

SHORT REPORTS

Lyrical sexy and self-consciously misanthropic of D. H. Lawrence and Scott Fitzgerald.

Bear Island by Alistair MacLean (Collins £1.50). Film unit aboard ship for Arctic is struck by mysterious poisoning. The ship's doctor parries attempts on his own life to uncover on Bear Island a plot involving a phony bullion hunt and international embezzlement. Sharply written, intriguing if implausible melodrama.

The Fattest Bank in New Orleans by Max Cline (Heinemann £2.10). Reared by Choctaw Indians, enterprising Barney becomes part owner of paddle steamer and shepherds the future of a Parisienne wife in search of Spanish bullion. Fascinating picaresque novel involving Napoleonic patriots,

river pirates, Spanish garrisons and Mexican bandits, attractively infused with powerful sense of absurdity.

The White Dawn by James Houston (Heinemann £2.10). Documentary novel of six whalers stranded among Eskimos in 1886. Their adoption into village life and their subsequent violent conflict with a peaceful people and its complex leader form plot of the novel. A superbly detailed and dignified evocation of a strange culture.

But What If There are No Pelicans? by Donald Horne (Angus & Robertson £1.50). Young soldier fantasises on nature of power and violence, interrogated and analysed by mysterious computers, he drifts among university rebels, pleasure-seeking surfers, bloody civil wars, political conspirators

able semi-surrealist comedy about Hugo the rubbery round-faced neutral landlord, and the tenants whose various obsessions are seen generally in physical terms—Sergeant Palfrey whose hips grind like gears as he salutes, Mrs Quincy whose knee caps are hard and shiny as snooker balls, Skidmore who looks like a painting in which the colours have started to run. Every one of the characters is described with fanatical exactness, in terms of physical appearance and of the smells that make up their characteristic ambience. There are splendidly funny scenes, like the taking over of the top floor by hippies who, indignant because they are ignored by Hugo, force official action by placing a revolutionary manifesto on the police station notice board. People and actions are remarkably real and vivid. It seems a pity that motives should be so obscure.

A cloud of obscurity about its creator's intentions hangs also over *Nihilon*, the scene of Alan Sillitoe's *Travels in Nihilon*. This is a satire, occasionally reminiscent of "Erewhon" and more often of Rex Warner's *The Wild Goose Chase*, but what exactly is under the microscope? Nihilism, unrestricted capitalism, the untruths and inaccuracies of the mass media, British life in general? A blend of all these, perhaps.

Five people enter *Nihilon*, by car, bicycle, train, sea and air. They find a country where irrationality and destructiveness for the rule. Instructions for motorists are "Keep Death on the road. Nobody is allowed to drive unless drunk, to drive within the speed limit, or to possess repair and tool kits. The national radio bulletin is called 'Here are the Lies,' and everybody cheats as a matter of course, up to the point at which they are threatened with superior force. The plot, so far as it goes, is about a revolution which overthrows President Nil, and like the individual jokes already mentioned, it is fairly clumsily handled. There are some neat touches, like the two-faced flag hung out in *Nihilon* City during the revolution, but they are thinly spread.

and sexual exploiters before attaining his pacifist goal. Doggedly inventive, but strained and moralistic allegory.

The Clam Shell by Mary Lee Settle (Bodley Head £2). Highly sensitive backwoods girl battles against her upbringing and the false values she confronts at American ladies' snob college. Scandals both brutal and hilarious contribute to her gradual acceptance of her unconformity. Rich in often lurid indictment of formal education stifling adolescent growth.

Familiar Relations by Pamela McCorduck (Michael Joseph £2). Earthy Irish family dominated by ex-Army actress matriarch retain native identity and survive amidst the ravages of war. When father dies, revelation of his scandalous secret compels further adjustments. Lively first novel with powerful central character and authentic evocation of the city under fire.

SCIENCE FICTION: EDMUND COOPER

down. Physically, Bruno is now not a great deal older than his son. The world is bizarre and incomprehensible. Bruno slips sadly into a tragic nightmare of frustration and misunderstanding. The writing is exceptionally good, the situation fascinating.

Day Million by Frederik Pohl (Gollancz £1.40) contains ten stories. What can one say about Frederik Pohl except that he is one of science fiction's great innovators? Six of the stories, including the title story, are outstanding. Reading them is an entertaining way of rewiring one's own thinking processes.

Terminum by Leonard Daventry (Robert Hale £1.10) contains a wickedly explosive notion that a ballet dancer before he is chilled until he can be cured of cancer. Twenty years later, when he is defrosted and cured, he finds that the ballet dancer is frozen

of international politicians as a sideshow. Soon after that, whenever the PM, cabinet ministers and assorted Eurocrats appear on the telly, they are seen starkers. Pandemonium follows. Well, how would you react if certain persons did their party political favourites that would happen when they are seen starkers? Alas, Mr Daventry doesn't quite pull it off; but there are good moments.

Science Fiction Hall of Fame: Volume One edited by Robert Silverberg (Gollancz £2.25) contains twenty-six of what are described as the greatest science fiction stories of all time, by such writers as Heinlein, Sturgeon, Asimov, Clarke, Bester, Kornbluth, Bradbury, and so on. A marvellous collection, chiefly of favourites that have proved durable. However, I must confess to recall a strange little scribbler, name of Wells. Really, this is too much! Has anyone done an anthology of great communist writers excluding Karl

PAPERBACK SHORT LIST

The Waterfall by Margaret Drabble (Penguin 30p). Perceptive, sympathetic, wry novel about Jane, poetess and failed wife, who considered herself a disaster area. Jane's self-reproach and route to a warmer land is discovered; eventually White Mountain is attacked, and its remaining occupants stampede. Trouble is, we never quite know who is doing what to whom.

A Pollution Omnibus (Sidgwick & Jackson £2.25) contains *Make Room! Make Room!* by Harry Harrison; "Shark Ship" by C. M. Kornbluth; and "City" by Clifford Simak. The first novel is a frightening account of a claustrophobic, poverty-stricken New York of 1999, population 35 million. The Kornbluth novella vividly suggests what would happen when men are forced intensively to harvest the sea; and "City" is a brilliant fantasy sequence on the next ten thousand years of evolution. All excellent reading.

The Play Room by Olivia Manning (Panther 30p). Long hot summer of a decade ago, sex, Vicky disastrophically picks the wrong boy, what starts as tense ends in tragedy. Conversational style and taut, bright descriptions add to the power.

The Tale of the Lady Dog by Alan Williams (Panther 35p). Para-military thriller set in Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam. Roving Irish journalist learns of American shipment of a billion and a half used dollars out of Saigon: clever conspiracy with Rhodesian freelance pilot and others to hoist the lot goes awry. Very well written, exciting and plausible.

A Fire on the Moon by Norman Mailer (Panther 40p). Prolonged and positive upbraiding compared with the first NASA mission—Apollo 11—actually to land men (Aldrin and Armstrong) on the moon. When he's describing fact—at Houston and Cape Kennedy—he is indeed compulsive; when he ventures into metaphysics, or prolonged analogies between space travel and the American ethos, "Aquarius" is sometimes wearisome.

The Female Eunuch by Germaine Greer (Paladin 50p). The analysis and the manifesto of Women's Lib: Miss Greer burns her bras and makes a long, learned and sometimes witty declaration of independence on behalf of her sex, denouncing its traditional subjection to the male and putting a strong case for real equality.

Machiavelli by Sydney Anglo (Paladin 60p). Outstanding "dissection" by the Lecturer in the History of Ideas at Swansea, of one of the keenest ideas-men in modern history. Machiavelli's name has been often and falsely associated with diabolical self-

interest: in fact he was a brilliant student of politics, a formidable persuasive writer and, above all, a realist. His aim was to construct, not to destroy.

On Borrowed Time by Leon Mosley (Pan 65p). Long, well-documented and authoritative account of the critical year between Munich, 1938 and W. 1939. Leonard Mosley himself personally many of the leading figures, including Hitler, Mussolini and Chamberlain's advisers. A history of the critical year, a temporising, compromising, blundering, and remains convinced that senior officers and diplomats on the German side would have been ready to deal and get rid of the Führer.

The Children of the Dream by Bruno Bettelheim (Paladin 60p). Dr Bettelheim, who survived concentration camps and is a Professor of Psychology Chicago University, looks at the first generation to be born reared in the kibbutzim—"dream" society of his title. How does communal, non-competitive upbringing compare with traditional middleclass Western notions? Rather favourably, he concludes: the closer parent-child relationship of the West is paradoxically a prime cause of generational gap and its attendant miseries.

The Worm in the Bud by Ross Pearsall (Pelican 30p). Long and fascinating study of "the world of Victorian sexuality". While it is fairly widely recognised that today's so-called permissive society is almost purely a product of the sexual revolution of the previous century, few can have thoroughly explored the very critical mores of court and society, the enormous scale of prostitution deriving from poverty, the sadism implicit public school beatings and penitence, the punishment ordered in the courts, the incidence of sex crimes, the trade in pornography. On the lighter side, much about courtship ritual and marriage plus a "sin map of London Victorian times."

Philip Oakes talks to Penelope Mortimer

CLOSE TO HOME

LONDON NWS is Conran country, the executive uplands where Daddy goes a-hunting in bedroom and bathroom, and Mummy stays home to tend the family chores. The living is 1970s gracious. On tree-lined pavements small girls ride cycles, pretending they're ponies. Paintwork dazzles; prices soar.

On the face of it, everything's serene. But down in the Habitat kitchens discontent festers. Walled gardens harbour a wasteland. Behind those curtains—made, at a guess, from Sekers' silk—a thousand ladies beat their breasts. Their anguish may be chic, but it's nonetheless real. And Penelope Mortimer's right in there keeping the score. No other contemporary writer has so faithfully recorded the middle-class music of crumbling marriages, ruptured loyalties, and bankrupt hopes. There has always been a strong vein of autobiography in her books, but usually, she says, she's kept a decent distance between the

actual then and the fictional now. Her new novel, *The Home*, published next week by Hutchinson, breaks the pattern. "It's fair to say that it's more immediate. There isn't much tranquillity in the recollection. Of course, I'm not merely recording life; it changes as I write about it. But if the characters are completely fabricated they don't fit in with my experience."

The *Home* ends with the husband and wife signing a deed of separation, just as Penelope Mortimer and her husband John have lately gone their separate ways. The narrative—not only of this, but earlier novels—aches with the tyranny of children, an echo perhaps of her own much-loved but omnipresent family of six. She writes, she says, of what she knows. But she quarrels with critics who bill her as a modish true-confessor, whose tale-telling acts as a private balm.

"I don't believe that writing is at all cathartic because one never puts enough down. I

employ self-censorship because—not to be coy about it—I'm always conscious of my mother reading over one shoulder, and the children reading over the other. But I would dearly love to do something different, another sort of book. It's not that what I write about is restricting, but the subject matter is restricted. What I would like to do is stop describing the top third of experience and go on down to the submerged two-thirds. The danger in going deeper is that one can become obscure—and I'd hate to be that. I'm a terrific purist. I write in the opposite way to how I talk. My conversations are all fits and starts, but in writing I try to say exactly what I mean. If I fail, then I'm not satisfied."

The *Home* is her seventh novel, her ninth book. "But I still find it hard to think of myself as a professional writer. I was brought up to have very little confidence in myself—because no one else had any confidence in me."

Her father was a vicar, and

she was educated variously by disciples of A. S. Neill, Rudolf Steiner, and at an establishment for Daughters of the Clergy. She spent a year at London University, quit to become secretary to an executive at Butlins, married a journalist from Reute (the marriage was subsequently dissolved) and had her first child at eighteen.

"I'd always tried to write. 'T' family was indulgent about it. It was always referred to as 'Penny's little hobby'—something she'd get over when she married. I wrote reams of poetry, none of it published, and then I did couple of pieces for the *N. Statesman*. Kingsley Martin said 'I've got to have you as a writer. I want you to do it. I told him I wanted to be a second Virginia Woolf. He didn't answer, he looked at me pityingly.'"

Her first novel, *Johanna*, to her five years to write. "It was published in 1947 and I was told, 'Now people tell me it's the best thing I've ever written. I took ages to write my second but when I showed it to Fr Warburg—the head of Secker & Warburg—he advised me to away and read the history of the Peloponnesian Wars. I was utterly crushed, and couldn't write a thing for years.'"

Now, she reckons to complete a book in around four months. "I go straight at it, starting 9 a.m. and continuing until I'm exhausted. I have no idea how it will work out, or even what will happen to the main character. When I wrote *The Pumpkin Eater* what I thought was 'last' chapter turned out to be 'last'. I try to write about my sympathetically, but no one believes me."

Her children, she thinks, view her life as a writer with mixed feelings. "The thing is, writing is very close to sex. It draws the same source of energy. I totally absorbing. And it produces the same sort of jealousy. I remember one of my daughters, eating my typewriter into a garden and burying it. 'Twice she used to call it 'Mummy Busy' because that's what I'd say if she interrupted me.'"

For the present, she says, she's marking time. There is a book she has wanted to write for 10 years. Scraps of it are hoarded in a folder marked *Bliss* and *Pieces*. "But I don't know if I shall ever finish it."

Meanwhile she awaits reviews of *The Home*. "But you expose yourself in print, it's natural to want to see people react." She hopes, reasonably enough, that they understand the book not merely as plot, but the intention behind it. "After all, I read novels not for the story, but to find out what about the person who writes it."



Penelope Mortimer: 'I wanted to be a second Virginia Woolf'

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Rupert Hart-Davis Granada Publishing

THE CINEMA produces handbooks and viewbooks; the handbooks I keep, the viewbooks I begin to dispense with though I enjoy checking to see how far I disagree with some pundit.

Thorold Dickinson's *A Discovery of Cinema* (Oxford £1.50, hardback £3) is partly viewbook (admires Antonioni and Fellini, finds the glorious Belshazzar party in *Inheritance* "jolly grandeur"). But I shall keep it because Professor Dickinson brings a practitioner's knowledge to his fine survey of seventy-five years of films. He gives not only facts but reasons, linking changes—sound, colour, screen ratio—with the commercial pressures which produced them.

I still can't take, though, the division of cinema into movies (a team job, popular entertainment for a passive audience) and films (created by individuals as a personal statement which "involves the audience"). Doesn't a movie, maturing, sometimes take on the qualities of a film? But then I like movies. I keep getting involved in them.

Professor Dickinson sees changes ahead, changes in distribution with the arrival of video-recording and the cassette, the growth of the dominating audience. Joseph Gelma, introducing *The Film Director as Superstar* (Secker and Warburg £2.75), sees a revolution which promises to bring any film you

like, hire or buy, into your house.

His book is made up of interviews with sixteen directors from Warhol to Richard Lester, from Lindsay Anderson and Arthur Penn to Kubrick; they are sharp, lively, eminently quotable. And not only some of Mr Gelma's subjects—Robert Downey who made Putney Swope, Jim McBride who made "David Holzman's Diary"—might stand some chance of a viewing in the enthusiast's cinema. Certainly it is a way of life for the figures of Parker Tyler's *Underground Film* (Secker and Warburg £2.75) Mr Tyler presents his underground creators as the heirs of the avant-garde and the Surrealists, of the René Clair of "Entr'acte," of Bunuel and of the mad dream-world of the *Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. "For I am glad to say from idolatrous, this critical history is rather vicious going at times with all its excursions into psychoanalysis, anthropology and what not. But then this is a sticky

subject. Even the least groovy of us should be grateful for help with the obscurities. Mr Tyler turns up again in *Film Culture* (Secker and Warburg £3.50 pp 438; editor F. Adams Sitney), an anthology of favourites from the magazine which, founded by John Malraux, has served for sixteen years as a forum both for America's independent film-makers and for their serious critics. Warhol, Stan Brakhage, Kenneth Anger and Marcello Mastroianni are the avant-garde names are here. But one gets also a sense of history and the role of such pioneering stylists as Dziga Vertov and Kirsanov, Stroheim and Welles and Dreyer. With contributors ranging from Andrew Sarris to Herman G. Weinberg the collection is a bit of a viewbook, but it mesmerises; another one I shall have to keep.

And Caligari again in *The German Cinema* (Dent £3, pp 160) by Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel, a useful piece of history beginning with the primitives and ending with the glacial Straub. One has perhaps had enough of the hallucinatory works of the silent period; a relief to find someone questioning Siegfried Kracauer's famous insistence on their importance in the growth of Nazism. More interesting, I think, is the treatment of the Hitler-period cinema (in particular the notorious anti-British *Oom Kriger*) and the short-lived post-war revival with the uncomfortable self-abasing products of the East German industry.

And a heroine's welcome to Rachael Low with the fourth volume (1918-1929) of her monumental *The History of the British Film* (Allen Lane £7.95, £3.95 pb). Basically this is a book of reference; libraries must have it. But now that Miss Low has reached a period attainable by living memory the general reader begins to find his fun. The indispensable mass of detail is here

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Hamish Hamilton

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"I was ten years old when I first saw the Penmarric and I was ten years old when I first saw the Penmarric."

The totally enthralling saga of a tempestuous, hot-blooded Cornish family

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Hamish Hamilton

Building a real dream-world

ARCHITECT ERRANT by Clough Williams Ellis
Constable £3.25 pp 291
CYRIL CONNOLLY

There are four stories of immensely solid masonry reared up on its terraced hillside. Everything was perfect but the food and one came to dread the descent to the crowded restaurant, especially as the country round is a gastronomic desert—but I am reviewing an autobiography, not a menu. The worst that can be said of Portmeirion is that it is a dream-world. The wifely pleasures, the calculated naïvetés, eye-traps, forced and faked perspectives, heretical constructions, unorthodox colour mixtures and general architectural levity.

As an author Mr Williams Ellis is competent: he lets his enthusiasm for architecture and the preservation of the countryside provide his inspiration. He does not wish to reveal too much about himself: there are no pictures of him as a child or young man nor any of his parents. (His father was a senior wrangler who was given a Cambridge living.) On the other hand he revels in his fifty years and more of marriage to Amabel Strachey, sister of the politician and daughter of the editor of *The Spectator* to whom Eliot addressed a French poem. There are many anecdotes of

his youth in Edwardian London, that city where the old Regent Street still stood, where a governing class still governed, where everyone who was anyone knew anyone who was someone and nobody was no one provided they were white, and had been to a good public school.

We managed to get asked to a wedding party to which we were invited (usually in our cautious roundabout way) that the other one was likely to be invited.

Unfortunately Mr Williams Ellis is equally reticent about names, and one longs to be told exactly who the eccentric poets, romantics (though never encouraged) ladies and difficult millionaires clients actually were. Please supply names in future editions. What was the house with an outdoor smoking room and where he last encountered "full-livered, knee-breeched footmen with shoulder-knots and powdered hair"? Who is the client who put him in the haunted room, where he was nearly strangled by ghostly fingers, and who sent him a five-pound note as fee for his report and draft plans with a note "she was very sorry but that was as much as she could afford"?

And who was "Mrs A." who took an unfurnished stately home for three days to install her guests for a neighbouring trust built who was the "dipomaniac who lived abroad, who never answered letters," whose marvellous house, full of Regency clothes, he explored when empty and which now belongs to the National Trust, who was his hostess in Ireland in a castle with twenty-two indoor servants who raised his indignation at the worst moment of the war?

After enjoying Irish hospitality, absence of black-out, etc., he returned to his "carefree luxury" on the wireless. This gives a clue to his well-comouflaged ego. I am inclined to think that he has a vein of puritanism; that he is not altogether the aesthete which he affects to be but a public school actor on the professional stage and a poet; and that he is a quiet but ever-present ego like a Rolls-Royce engine, and is able to get away with it because no one suspects architects of being the same class as poets and painters. Lutyens, of whom he gives an admirable sketch, was an exception, a true prima donna like Sir Thomas Beecham or John Gielgud. Otherwise the drawing-board is a cold, the respectability of the surgeon's scalpel or the slide-rule.

Yet without egotism there would be no autobiography. Mr Williams Ellis is a younger son.

and one who loved his mother. His quotes with approval a toast of Lutyens (given at a dinner of high ecclesiastical dignitaries):

Here's to the happiest years of our lives
Spent in the arms of other men's wives.

Gentlemen: Our mothers!

The boy grew up into a wild rebel against the late Victorian scene, and a man of the Left. A passion for islands to which he gave full rein before he settled for a peninsula is almost symbolic of a mother-fixated romantic: his friend Compton Mackenzie will bear this out. Geoffrey Scott, a time architect for Berenson, was another romantic crony.

That nearly all small islands seem to have in common, and that is that they are, sooner or later, for the susceptible romantics, fall blindly in love with them only to discover that the affair is doomed by the difficulty of ready communication with the beloved.

Besides being "hard to reach and harder still to get away from, islands have little shelter and no timber and are fantastically difficult and expensive to build upon," or like the "false mothers" of tin to which the rhesus monkeys are forced to run for protection. But Mr Williams Ellis is sensible as well as romantic; he has filled out his long life in the Russell-Strachey orbit with his peninsula on which everything grows, from pavilion to arbutus. He has created his dream-world out of his subconscious memory, and made it Prospero's.

TRAVELS IN NIHILON

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Here in this stunning new Sillitoe novel we find an entirely new Sillitoe—witty, satirical, sophisticated, provocative and utterly contemporary. The mythical land of Nihilon is a marvellous medium for the novelistic gifts of one of Britain's foremost young writers.

SUMMER OF '42

Herman Raucher

You wouldn't think that a hilariously funny book about adolescent sex could also be deeply moving, heart-warming and hauntingly sad.

"Summer of '42 is the seller of 1971" says Robert Lister in the *Evening Standard*.

THOSE FABULOUS GREEKS

Doris Lilly

If ever the overworked adjective "fabulous" could be justified in describing a book it certainly can be in this triple biography of the three Greek billionaires, Onassis, Niarchos, and Livanos. The spicy stories which Doris Lilly here reveals are simply—fabulous!

INTENSIVE CARE

Janet Frame

This is perhaps the most literate and imaginative novel ever to have come from the inspired pen of the writer whose work is so often equated with that of her fellow New Zealander Katherine Mansfield. It is an exquisite evocation of the loneliness of people.

GUMDROP

Jeannie Sakol

Strictly for the "with-it" people is this tale of the frenetic life and adventures of Gumdrop Monroe ("This Year's Girl") and the biggest fashion explosion since Twiggy. The novel is now being filmed.

THE SENSUOUS MAN

by "M"

Over two million readers bought "The Sensuous Woman" by "J". There is already evidence that the sequel—"The Way to Become the Sensuous Man" by "M"—is going to sell even more.

W.H. ALLEN

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HODDER & STOUGHTON

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Detective Super

DETECTIVE'S STORY by George Hatherill/Andre Deutsch £2.50
HURDER WAS MY BUSINESS by John du Rose/JW H Allen £2
THE VICTIMS by John Rossiter/Cassell £2.10
RICHARD F SPARKS

IR HATHERILL and Mr du Rose have added two more volumes to the lengthy shelf of detectives' memoirs which have appeared in the past few years. In form and manner, there is little to distinguish their books from those of this kind. They consist mainly of summaries of mous cases in which their authors took part during long careers with the Metropolitan Police: tales of forgers, con men, liars, the Krays, the Richardsons, the Great Train Robbers.

Mr Rossiter has written a novel which is said to be based on his years' experience as Superintendent in the CID either his plot nor his characters are very believable; at the book presumably gives a rather good picture of his view of the world in which detectives live and work.

What can books like these tell about the police? Understatedly, they concentrate on crime and detection, and so inevitably present a distorted picture of what police work really consists of. Both Mr Hatherill and Mr du Rose devote a few pages to their time in the Metropolitan Police, but little is said about the mundane realities of traffic control, the settling of family disputes, the supervising of juvenile delinquents, the public relations, paperwork, social work and technology: the stuff of which policing is largely made in England today.

What these books do, in their different ways, is to present a composite picture of a special kind of middle-class folk hero, whom we may call the Detective Super. All three books suggest—ad Mr Hatherill actually lists—the virtues of this man: they include physical strength and fitness, courage, patience, tact, persistence, self-discipline to the point of asceticism. The Detective Super is a traditionalist, with a strong sense of the moral propriety of his work. He is a man of few words, a man of few emotions. He does a difficult and often unpleasant job, and as a result is often a rather lonely figure in uniform.

To a large extent, of course, the Detective Super is a creation of publishers, ghostwriters and their audience—as Mr Barlow of

"Softly, softly" is a creation of television and its audience. But there can be no doubt about the very real power and elite status of the CID within the police; given this fact, the man depicted by books like these is a creation of the police service as well. He performs an important function in the police service, as a role model for the newly recruited constable: Mr du Rose, for example, tells us how his very first arrests bolstered his ambition to get off the beat and into what he felt was "the far more sophisticated life of the CID." The mythical Detective Super exemplifies the attitudes and values which real detectives are thought to need, and so helps to inculcate them. He provides both police and public with a definition of "policeman"—including the man in the panda car and the cop on the beat, as well as the CID. And by dramatising the moral force of law, he helps to define the criminal as both evil and inferior.

Whether this will be so in the future is another matter. The nature of police work is changing rapidly in England, and increasingly requires a different type of man—with a wide range of skills, attitudes and values. Corresponding to this process of change, there is at present a generation gap in the upper ranks of the British police. At the top is a group (typified by Hatherill and du Rose) who entered the service immediately before and after the war, and who are now around retiring age. Below them is a group much younger on average, rising more rapidly to the top of an increasingly complex profession. For these men, and their jobs, a new kind of occupational hero is needed.

Given these facts, we might suppose that the Detective Super will in time go the way of the dinosaur. But I doubt that he will entirely disappear, for two reasons. The first is the guaranteed unsalability of memoirs titled "My Thirty Years as a Juvenile Liaison Officer" or "Management Services Was My Beat." The second is that there will always be crime and criminals, and so there will always be men with the job of dealing with them. A man may choose his job but the job has a way of making the man—and the myth. My guess, therefore, is that the Detective Super will still be with us: tough, patient, cunning, fearless, noble, and wholly fictitious.

BLUEBOTTLE

Geoffrey Grigson

I shall not kill that spiralling bluebottle with my poisonous aerosol. His wings cut a genuinely charming murmur of all past good summers though the room, again, and again. If this present good summer was done with, and he walked out from underneath my papers and on his feet went slowly and faintly round, he'd be unfortunate.

Wild blood in it

There is no accident, I am sure that two of the most alert and insulating critics of children's books—John Rowe Townsend and allance Hildick—are themselves able in the craft of fiction. The *Book of the Year*, suggests a close attention to technique that must be all the better for personal experience.

This is not to say that he discusses only those writers whose approach resembles his own. A voice approaching the rich and bewildering output of novels for the young today will appreciate not only the variety of his chosen English, Australian and American authors but also his skill in isolating their individual methods of work. The evocation of the past in Meinert de Jong and Eleanor Estes, Ivan Southall's substitution of catatony for plot, André Norton's rendering of ancient themes in terms of space, the points he makes about technique are always shrewd. Mr Townsend's claim for modern fiction for children goes beyond the assertion that it is

A SENSE OF STORY Essays on contemporary writers for children by John Rowe Townsend/Longman £1.75

MARGERY FISHER

part of the whole of literature; that, he wisely takes for granted. He justifies his title by calling into comparison the "narrow, with a w a n, self-preoccupied" nature of adult novels, which he suggests may even be a "transitional" form, "children's literature has wild blood in it; its ancestry lies partly in the long ages of storytelling which preceded the novel." The bibliographies and biographical summaries and the illuminating comments provided by the authors themselves add to the usefulness of the book, but it is particularly to be valued for the Detective critical points, especially for the timely reminder of the tradition to which children's stories belong.



Propeller-driven lifeboat invented in 1895 by M. François Barathon of Paris: one of nearly 200 pictures (some prophetic, some eccentric) from "Victorian Inventions" by Leonard de Vries (John Murray £4).

Heroine of our time

HANNAH SENESH: HER LIFE AND DIARY translated from the Hungarian by Marta Cohn Valentine Mitchell £2.25

GEORGE MIKES

Russians were already approaching Budapest. Their guns could be heard and the military judges, members of the court-martial, were actually fleeing westward. But they gave their last order: Hannah was taken out to the courtyard of the military prison and executed by a firing squad. She refused to ask for clemency from hangers-on and murderers like you.

Behind the stern and indomitable figure of the woman-soldier there is a fragile and lovely girl of twenty-three. She did not want to be a martyr. She desperately wanted to live, not only for Israel, not only for a "cause" and for some abstract "duty" but because life (with the Russians approaching) seemed promising, exciting, and death was horrible. But she believed in God, hated Evil, volunteered for the most dangerous of all jobs, took a risk and lost. When the dreadful moment came, she refused to be blindfolded. All her life she wanted to see, even the barrels of the guns of the Hungarian Nazis who shot her dead.

At the age of seventeen, Hannah decided to emigrate to Palestine, a rare decision for a Hungarian girl as Hungarian Jews were, on the whole, more Magyar than the Magyars and there were few Zionists among them. The European war had already started when she succeeded in leaving in 1939 although Hungary itself was still neutral. In Israel she worked at odd jobs, joined a kibbutz and was very happy and slightly disappointed at one and the same time. "I love this land. Rather I want to love it," she wrote in her diary.

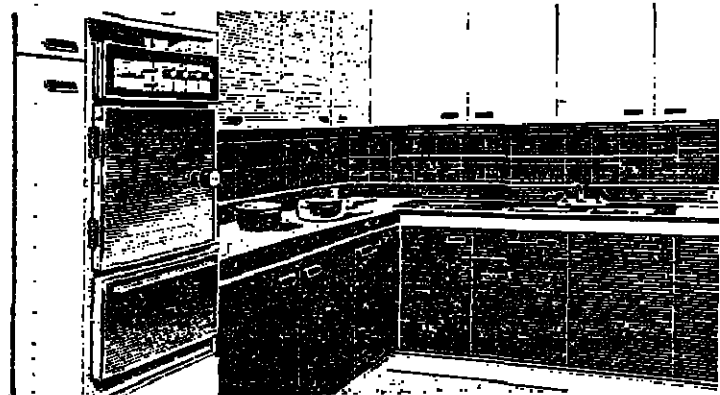
In 1943 she decided that she had to go back to Hungary. She volunteered for the British army, was trained as a parachutist and eventually dropped in Yugoslavia. After a few months with the Partisans she and her comrades crossed the Hungarian border. The group's task was to help Hungarian Jews. Hannah was the group's radio operator. She was caught within one hour of crossing into her land of birth. She was tortured because she refused to betray her code, knowing that the Germans might use it to lure British planes to their destruction. The Gestapo arrested her, tortured her and threatened Hannah to torture her in front of her own eyes should she persist in her refusal to give the code away. Hannah—who adored her mother—still refused.

On November 7, 1944, the

Firsts to last

In 1919, leaving his wife and children behind, Hermann Hesse moved to Switzerland as a protest against German militarism in the First World War; he lived there in self-imposed exile until his death at the age of 85 in 1962. He called *Klingsohn's Last Summer*—three strongly autobiographical novellas which he wrote in 1919—"my revolutionary book". Cape have just published the first British edition at £1.95. "Marvellous" said the *Daily Telegraph*, "as alive and spinning with colour as a canvas by Van Gogh... a cosmic hymn to life". Other Hesses introduced to this country by Cape are the new translation of his masterpiece *The Glass Bead Game*, the novel that won for him the Nobel Prize; *Rosshalde* (not to be missed! *Guardian*) and, in the Cape Editions series, *Poems*—so much in demand that it had to be reprinted before publication day. Two more books are coming next spring: a collection of political essays, *If the War Goes On*, and *Kmulp*, three tales of a vagabond.

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LOOK!

Smart boy seeks shoes

THE ORANGE HAND has made its striking appearance all over Britain. It represents a chain of shops selling clothes for boys from 5 to 13, and we thought the gear could best be consumer-tested by a boy.

We chose Toby Hall, a 15-year-old (just) with a marked critical faculty: only his spelling lacks. The first impression was good so considering myself of average size tried some things. The first things I tried on were trousers. Out of jeans, cords, canvas casuals and "taylor trousers" they hadn't one pair to fit me, this seems odd, to say the least, for the shop with supposedly the most varied size range in existence.

Next were the shirts these were well made and cheap although still couldn't get one to fit me. My next stop was the jacket department. The casual jackets and the blazers impressed me. At about £8 they were well made and very good value. If I had had anything more than my buss fare home I would have bought one of the other.

Shoes, there were some rather nice "two tone" boots on sale so endeavoring to try a pair on I asked for a size seven pair, the assistant said, sorry we only go up to fours. Now the only 15-year-old boy I know who wears less than size five is my Cocker Spaniel! The last things I saw were the jumpers. I also liked these, they ranged from about £1.3.

With that I went home for tea with an, in a word, rather dim view of this service. I thought that our young reporter, drunk with the power of the critic, had been a bit strong, and our more seasoned assessors were much taken by the Orange Hand (an off-shoot of Burton's).

Attractive fashionable ideas; good styling; reasonable prices. But do complain if they haven't the sizes.

THE RESPONSE to the Insight Consumer Unit's article last Sunday on children's shoes has been stupendous, indicating, of course, how seriously parents have taken the subject. There may, therefore, be slight delay in despatching all the information packs that have been asked for.

LES DEJAS (continued)

Flap—deja boo
Fast-growing calf—deja moo
Arab world—deja coup
Overcooked rice—deja goo
Precocious pigeon—deja coo
Burnt butter/fleur—deja roux
Apache intermarriage—deja Sioux
Nixon/Mao—deja woo
Eclair's pastry—deja choux.

Ray Anzarut

Jilly Cooper, romping with Rix and the rest of them

I'VE ALWAYS adored Brian Rix. Whether he is tilting at Windmill girls, radiating jaunty hopelessness, or dropping his trousers and clangers. I see him as the King of Underpantomine.

Twenty-one years ago today, he made his debut in the West End in Reluctant Heroes and has been filling theatres with people and laughter ever since. His new farce, a political romp called Don't Just Lie There. Say Something, opens at the Garrick on Wednesday. Curious to know what is involved in the making of a Rix Farce, I decided to follow the progress of this one from the beginning.

The first rehearsal was in a British Legion Hall in Fulham. "No smoking while dancing, please leave prams outside," said a bossy notice on the door.

The cast of the play consists of four very pretty girls: Joanna Lumley, Deborah Grant, Nina Thomas and Donna Reading, and four funny men: Alfred Marks, who plays an outwardly respectable Minister of the Crown, whose private life is a girl-packed disgrace, Brian Rix as his straitlaced Under-Secretary, Leo Franklin as a doddering member of the Opposition, and Peter

Bland as a bemused police inspector.

The girls arrived first—all very done up for the first day: shining clean hair. Mediterranean tans out of a bottle. careful make-up, false eyelashes. I wondered how long they'd keep that up.

Brian Rix was incredibly jolly and brown from the South of Spain. Alfred Marks, also brown, was much more strung-up and twitchy.

Obviously they were thrilled to be getting down to work again. A lot of grope therapy went on, men kissing and grasping each other on the forearm. All the technical people were introduced to the cast, rather sketchily, no one remembering surnames. I had moved into the world of "if it moves, call it darling."

Wally Douglas, the director, tapped the table, and called everyone to order. I tried not to laugh when he said:

"Now darlings, I know it's asking a terrible lot of you to be here by a quarter to ten every day. But if we only take a short lunch break we can all be away by four."

A long irrelevant discussion followed about where to get caviar and Sellotape for sticking on moustaches. Alfred Marks tapped his gold lighter on the



Three in a bed (of course): Marks, Lumley and Rix

table, anxious to begin. The first act of the play was then read through. It was very funny, everyone laughed sycophantically when Brian Rix and Alfred Marks were reading, but so much of the plot is visual, people popping out of cupboards and into and underneath beds, that one got very little idea of its possibilities at this stage.

Leo Franklin complained "fourteenth floor" was difficult to say. "Change it to tenth floor," said the director.

"That's a good cut: four doors," said Alfred Marks. The whole caper was full of in jokes like this.

Michael Pertwee, the author, talked about writing farce.

"You don't write it, you build it," he said. "Before any play goes on, Brian goes through it counting bellylaughs, laughs and titters: if there aren't enough of any of the three, more have to be added."

The second act was then read. The humour as broad as it wasn't Longford. Nit was changed to nit, then changed back to nit again. The girls' costumes were then discussed. They spend the play in varying states of undress.

"I'm quite concerned about underclothing, there's so much of it," said Wally Douglas. "It's got to look sexy, yet be tough enough for the girls to crawl under beds."

"You can't go wrong with a well-cut bra and pants," said Joanna Lumley as though she was ordering a new heather mixture tweed.

Some days later, I went to a second rehearsal. The manic affability of the first day was somewhat diminished. The sun tans had faded, even the fake tans looked yellow. Low flying aircraft were getting on everyone's nerves.

Costumes arrived, which cheered everyone up. Donna Reading tried on her hot-pants suit which was so tight, she was walking round two inches off the ground. The actors were charging about in their socks and not much else like a blue film or an anti-splinter group.

The nice myopic wardrobe mistress came up to me. "Would you like to try on your costume, dear?"

Alfred Marks was still very shy and up-tight, but a most brilliant performance was emerging. Whether he was being ludicrously amorous with one of his floozies or trying to outwit the inspector, the bland leading the bland, he never put a foot wrong.

We next watched a complete run-through of the play. It really was funny now—and had me and the technicians falling off our chairs. All the bits that seemed draggy at the read-through had either been cut out, or took on meaning in the context of the visual.

We adjourned to a nearby pub for lunch. The locals looked slightly startled to see Leo

Franklyn still wearing his dressing gown and pyjamas and clutching a sponge bag. Everyone left their spring onions. Actors are very conscious of their breath—the girls sucked Polos all the time.

On the following Monday, I arrived in Birmingham half-way through what can only be described as the undress rehearsal, at the part in the play where unbenowast to one another, Alfred Marks and Brian Rix are about to get into bed with Joanna Lumley.

Joanna was bawling about taking her clothes off on stage. "I'll get into bed, then remove my bra and pants," she told Wally Douglas firmly. "It's the sort of thing a Kensington girl would do."

Wally disagreed: "I'll be all right if we dim the lights," he said. Joanna shook her head, then wandered down stage and took off her bra. "Look Wally, it simply isn't sexy," and in the end Joanna agreed to strip if the lights were dimmed to pitch black.

Michael Pertwee and I had a drink to stiffen our upper lips. "It was a depressingly good dress rehearsal," he said.

We then wished everyone good luck on the opening performance that night. Everyone had sent each other cables and flowers.

I went out front as nervous as a cat. After all this effort—what if it were a terrible flop? I felt as if it were my play now, and all my friends were acting in it. Suddenly, miraculously, the whole theatre was filled with laughter like a great bellows. Time and again throughout the performance, the audience broke into spontaneous clapping over a particularly spectacular piece of business.

The second act produced even more hilarity. Curtain call after curtain call was taken at the end. Then after a subdued dinner, Brian Rix, Michael Pertwee, their two wives and Wally Douglas and I retired to a private room for a post mortem. "At this stage, we look for what's wrong," said Michael Pertwee, "so it can be put right before we go into the West End."

At five o'clock in the morning the men were still at it, hammering out ideas. Mrs Rix and Mrs Pertwee sat fast asleep on adjacent sofas, their beautiful ankles crossed.

I think when initial difficulties are sorted out, Alfred Marks and Brian Rix will make the ideal combination. Malvolio and Aguecheek, stuffed shirt and clown. Marks and Rix could become as well known as Marks and Spencer. The play, like Tennyson's brook, should run for ever.

What was so surprising, as I picked up a morning paper next day, was that we had all been too involved to realise the dollar, or is it the yen, was floating.

He tried to make me
Take up smoking
But I said
I'd see him inhale first.
A.F.G.L.

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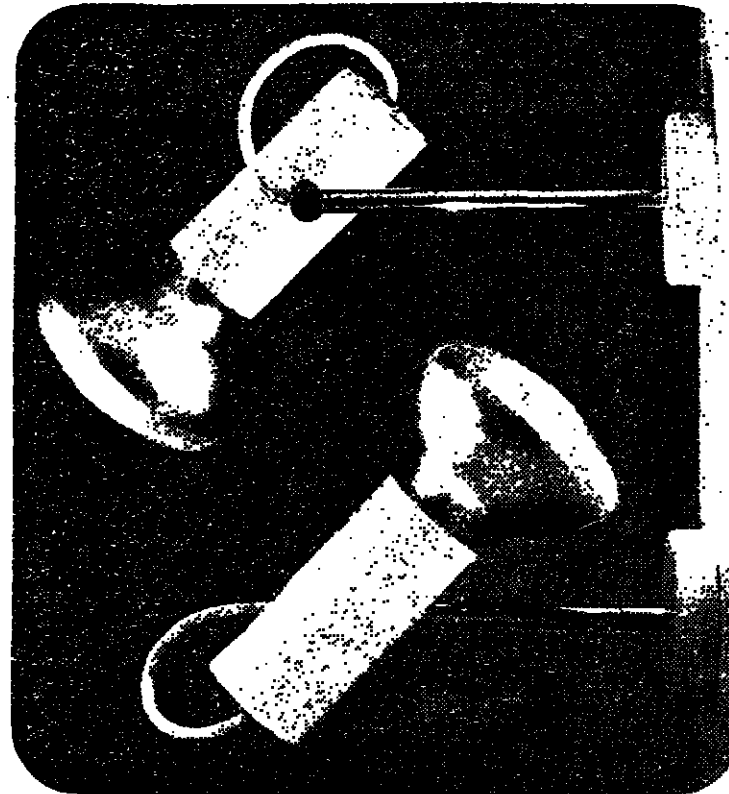
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The Sunday Times is offering its readers a pack consisting of two spotlights, with bulbs, at £5.10, which is considerably below the nearest equivalent on the retail market.

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WOMAN'S ROLE

WOMEN, she adds, often make more promising beginners since they will accept that they must learn to type and make themselves useful around the office until they pick up the experience to take on an account. "Imagine telling a man to come back when he can type."—Report in The Times (sent in by Mrs Margaret Newman, Beckenham, Kent).

HE blamed the return of congestion on local people who had now taken to driving in—"old ladies in Morris Minors driving round at a snail's pace, window-shopping as they go."—The Times (A. J. Clifford, Retford, Notts).

IF YOU'RE leaving town, it often gets a little difficult to dispose of

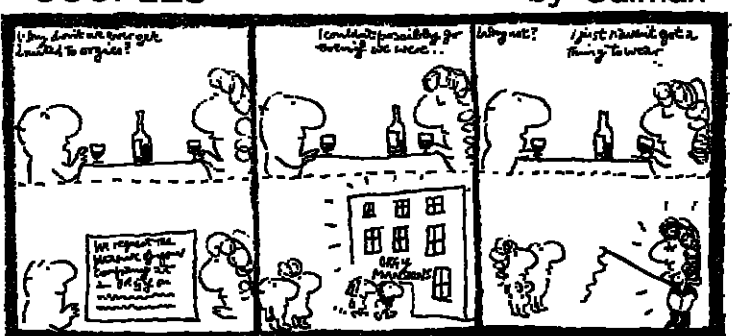
some of the clutter you've collected over the years... like girl-friends.—Programme note in TV Times (Miss R. L. Johnson, Salisbury, Wills).

THE Association has been asked to publicise the vacancies for two male sociologists at the Halle Selassie University.—Circular from the British Sociological Assn. (Diana Barker, Brynmill Terrace, Swansea).

SPINNING frames up at Salts' mill on the outskirts of Bradford are operated by both men and women, but the men work six frames at a time while the women manage seven for practically the same pay. Why, I asked the male overseer, were women expected to do more work than the men? "Because it's women's work," he said.—The Guardian (F. P. Sharples, Didsbury, Manchester.)

COUPLES

by Calman



Problem perspiration solved even for thousands who perspire heavily

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LOOK! —a new face



I'VE SPENT most of this summer far away from the city scene, wearing the comfortable half of last year's bikini with the flattering half of this. It looked a bit of a mess but it made no odds.

Down at the supermarket, brown as the daily bread we bought, fresh and shiny as the fish on sale, other mums and me smiled side by side, identically denim-skirted, tee-shirted and flat-footed. Lashless and open-pored I watched my make-up gathering dust on the mantelpiece. Driving through town past dress shops showing dirndl skirts and pretty pinafores I didn't give a single glance, or get one.

And then I came back. My first day on the King's Road I felt so awful I had to run home for a cup of tea and a cake. I'd been standing in the bank behind a girl who was the spitting image of Rita Hayworth.

The smell of her knocked me over for a start. I'd become used to nothing naughtier than baby talk. And her hair, the colour of it, was this brilliant orange. Dyed, of course. She was wearing it in a perfect shoulder-length pageboy, with smooth rolled bangs on her forehead. And she had a very pale slightly shiny face and masses of bright green stuff around her eyes, right up to her eyebrows and down to her cheekbones. Her very mannish emerald satin suit had wide trousers and high sharp shoulders.

Her mouth was unbelievably rudely red and so were her finger and toe nails, the same

colour as her shirt and spotted tie. And she'd painted with her lipstick a band of this red close to her extraordinarily long eyelashes. False of course.

I thought she looked wonderful. So did everyone else. The bank lit up.

Outside I crossed the road with another sensation who had herself consciously stopped the traffic. She was teetering along on five

MOLLY PARKIN

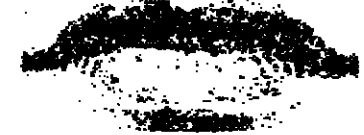
inches of blue and red on the strapped under-birdie. She was wearing tight white workmen's overalls scattered with badges and brooches, and she'd rolled up the legs halfway to her knees to show the black seamed stockings underneath. Her lips were bright blue and so were her nails. She had a purple beret on and a tangle of violet hair curling out of it. Over her shoulder she'd slung a shiny bag as big as a bus.

We reached the other side together and faced our reflections in a shop window. She a glorious artefact and me a work of nature. "Oh hell," I thought, and went home to change.

It's pathetic this chameleon streak, but it's worse in the city. There's so much more to see. The best place by far for finding fashion bearings is, I think, Biba's. Even if you don't buy, it's still worth anybody's while to go in and have a look just at the girls who work there. They wear

LIP colour, 20p, in 12 colours including Biba's latest: Royal, Marigold, Matisse Green and Purple. Spider lashes, 65p, have lashes, 65p, in brown or black. Eyebrows drawn with watercolour, 18p, available in nine colours. Powder tint, for cheeks, 20p each, available in 12 colours, including Biba's latest. Face glues for eyes, 20p, available in 17 colours including Biba's latest. Glass foundation for face, 50p a pot. Available in Yellow 0, 1, 2 or 3. (Actually not as yellow as it sounds.) Contour powder for cheek bones, jawline, side of the nose, 50p, in dark and light. Biba curls attached to a thin elastic band, £1.50, in a selection of Biba colours. More colours next week.

All make up from Dorothy Perkins and Biba, 124-126 Kensington High Street, W8. Phone 537 6257.



their stuff, their blue or green lipstick and false hair and long lashes, with such careless confidence.

The three in our picture, Ann, Del, and Elaine, are all Biba girls with perfectionist but flexible attitudes to how they look. Each is ready to adopt her make-up techniques to the needs of Biba's latest clothes. Each runs plucks her eyebrows to high fine straight lines, drawing in the curving ends with water colour.

All of them now lipstick their mouths into sharp V's above the upper lip line and keep the colour well inside the line of the lower lip. All three wear false eyelashes top and bottom and loads of dramatic colour around the eyes. None has a hairstyle.

They play around with berets, false curls, hair-concealing hats which they wear all the time, indoors or out. They look startlingly artificial and all the better for it. It means spending time of course.

Yesterday it took me an hour and I was only slipping out to post a letter. But it's worth it. Anyone want a denim skirt?

It is plain To see that my train Of thought will be bussed Open schooner or later.

A. J. Fletcher

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Anniversaries are happier with flowers sent. **INTERFLORA**

GOING SKIING THIS WINTER? Then see page 2

for safe relief from ear discomforts. **EAREX ear drops** the drops that gently and easily remove the cause from Boots & chemists.

PT: Flared check coat, wool, Belt, removable, loosely tying at the front while leaving back of the coat loose and free. £12.50. S 8-14. Matching hat, £2.50. Available in Biba's muted colour range, browns, purples, etc. Low bonded jersey, wide floppy trousers slit each side from the knee. £7.50. Sizes 8-14. Biba's bright colour range, red, yellow, blue, green. Massive shoulder bag, suede. £8.75. Various colours available from next week. VTRE: Skinny fitted coat, wool. £16.90. S 8-14. Available in Biba's muted prints.

yellow and black, etc. Matching hat, £2.50. Beret worn here 75p, available next week in Biba's muted colour range. Clutch bag, suede with silver clasp, £5.50 in all Biba colours. Black seamed stockings, 30p. Platform soled suede shoes, 7 strap, £13.75. Available shortly. RIGHT: Thick wool plaid coat, loose swing back, slotted belt. £17.50. Sizes 8-14 in Biba's bright colour range. Felt hat with feather, £2 in all colours. Extra high-heeled above-the-knee new Biba boot, £10.50, in all Biba colours. Available soon. Matching suede extra big bag, £9.75.

Me and my mobile music-room

EN, in Look! last year, I wrote that car stereo tape equipment gave a listening result as good as that of sitting-room equipment which cost £1,000. One reader told me I must be a cloth-eater.

Now, after living with car stereo longer, playing both cassettes and cassettes, I wouldn't significantly change my view. Those who demand absolute listening perfection will scarcely use the car as their music-room anyway. But given that, it's plainly the better, uphelter and more noise-free the more perfect the stereo

result) it's easy with the best car tape players to achieve a highly acceptable result more cheaply than with sitting-room record equipment.

The news for the consumer from the battle-front is good. The market for tape-players and the pre-recorded tapes to put in them, for both home and car use, is growing so fast (upwards of £20 million by 1975 for tape-players alone) that a score of manufacturers want a slice of it. Intense competition is hastening technical improvement and

making everyone price-sensitive. Total sales have trebled in 1971 compared with last year and there are now more than 50 different car player units to choose from, with prices ranging from just below £30 up to £100 depending upon whether a radio is included, how many speakers you want (four is luxury) and so on.

There's a lot of Japanese activity, expectedly, but longer-established companies in the UK like Radiomobile (eight-track cartridge specialists and now in the cassette field also) and

Philips (cassettes), battling on quality as well as price, have sharply increased their sales too.

There are over 2,000 taped albums now available. Tapes at £2.25 have been up to 50 per cent dearer than LPs, but budget lines are coming in. Precision Tapes, for instance offer Sarah Vaughan, Ellington, Donovan, Cleo Laine, Sidney Bechet, Tchikowsky's sixth and many more at £1.50 for cassettes and £1.75 for cartridges. Double albums are also on the increase; EMI have just joined the list with

a Beatles cassette or cartridge double-album at £5 (the Parlophone "white" album of late 1968 with "Back in the USSR," etc.) and Pink Floyd's "Ummagumma" (Harvest, £3.75).

Too much is perhaps made of the cartridge-cassette war. Cartridges have slightly better reproduction and will play for ever without reinsertion; but you can't start the music precisely where you may want it.

Cassettes give you spot-choice of passages on the tape through fast forward and rewind facilities, but have to be turned over at the end of side one.

In the healthy competitive atmosphere, improvements are continual. Cassettes should soon have automatic-reverse machines and are increasingly cutting down background hiss a snag on both systems.

Cartridge-makers are fast catching up on the lead the cassette people had in home equipment. Radiomobile's Smith's Industries subsidiary and Britain's biggest in-car stereo people—have just brought out a neat eight-track stereo home player at £83 (with speaker) or £58 (for fitting into any existing hi-fi system). And a Japanese outfit (Toshiba) have a car cartridge unit (£63.75) which, with fast forward wind, gets you easily to the start of each musical selection on the tape.

A choice between the two systems is scarcely meaningful; it depends on whim and how you want to use them. Both will probably co-exist in Britain in the 1970's. What interests more is the tapes v records question.

In America, tapes have seized 30 per cent of the pre-recorded market in the last seven years. I can't see them killing records for many years yet, if ever. LP-owners won't wish to abandon their massive capital investment, for one thing; moreover, records are just as convenient to store and have sleeves which are fun ornaments and often contain full notes which tapes lack.

But undoubtedly the share of the market for tapes will increase. Many garages now have tape racks in their forecourts. Others (e.g. Hamilton Motors, 466 Edgware Road, W2) have drive-in installation and servicing facilities for car-players. Lending libraries for tapes are springing up, like the Wilson Stereo Library, 104 Norwood High Street, S.E.27, which charges an annual membership-fee of £2.50 and hires out tapes at 3p a day.

The greatest disadvantage I have found to serious listening inside a car over the past year is the volume hitch. You really have to bomb yourself with noise if you're to hear the very soft passages properly without constantly adjusting the volume.

The greatest advantage is that constant listening really sorts out the ephemeral from the lasting pieces of work. In the "popular field" (with one "classical" addition) these are the seven car-tape albums which I have found myself playing over and over again:

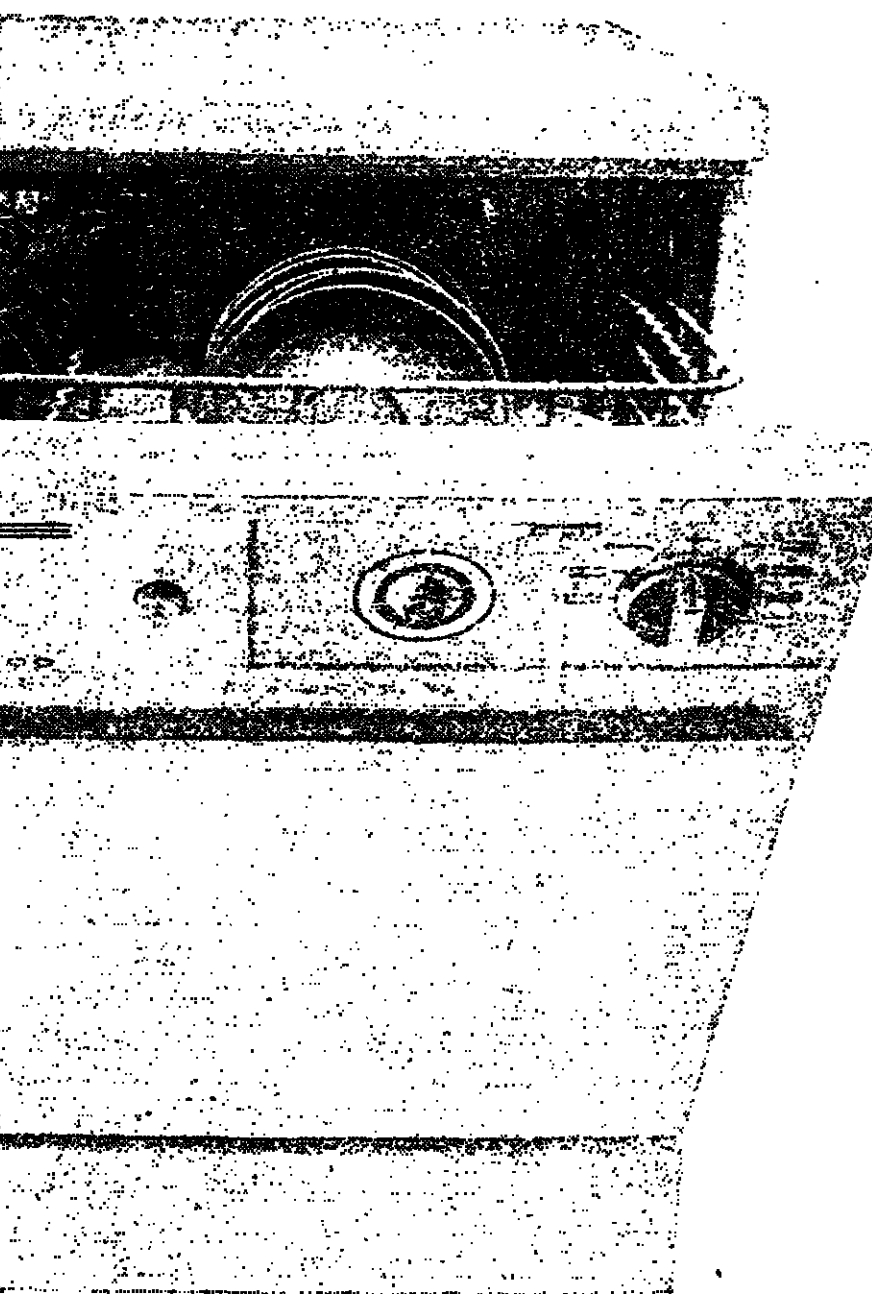
Blood, Sweat & Tears' first album plus "Blood, Sweat and Tears 3" (both CBS); Miles Davis' "Sketches of Spain" (CBS); Duke Ellington's 70th Birthday Concert (United Artists); "Gula Matari" (A and M); Frank Sinatra's "In Concert at the Sands with Count Basie" (Reprise—a double album); John Williams' guitar- and orchestra pieces, Rodrigo's Concierto de Aranjuez and the Castelnuovo-Tedesco Concerto in D (CBS).

Derek Jewell

In progressive circles. Two's company. But three's allowed. **Andrew Paul**

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Automatic dishwashing used to be a pretty noisy business. Some dishwashers still do sound like Niagara Falls, but not the new "Unibody" G500 from Miele. In fact, this new model does everything its best-selling predecessor the G50 did—only better.

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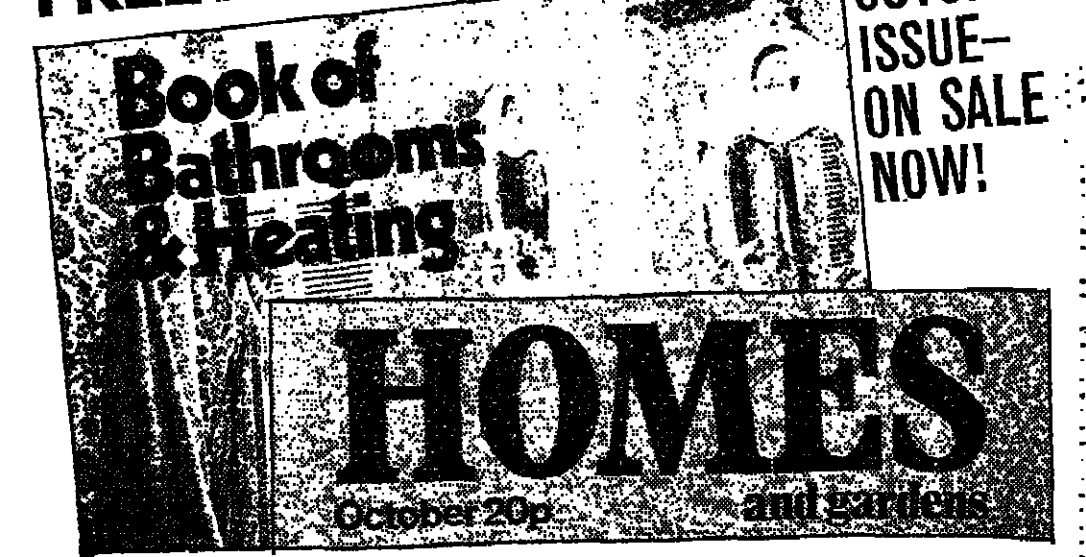


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OCTOBER ISSUE—ON SALE NOW!

HOMES and Gardens
October 20p

IN MY FASHION

CHECK THAT TARTAN by Ernestine Carter

THE upsurge of tartan is not, I fear, fashion's contribution to the celebration of the bicentenary of Sir Walter Scott's birth. It would be to think that designers in this and London are paying tribute to the great Scot, actually the tartan story was the making early in the 19th century.

Christian Dior-London Jorngberg is dancing a lively reel. The collection is an amalgam of Langberg's original designs and adaptations of Marc Bohan's creations for Christian Dior.

From Paris are the marvellous checks. From Paris are the vast coats, pheasant feather trimmed; coats sleeved in fox; the upturned collars; the enamel-like buttons; the shoulder huggings. From Paris is the classic we showed last Sunday.

Today we show one of Jorngberg's tartans. His is a tartan if any, clans would dream made of sequins hand-sewn black silk organza. Tartans, checks, tam-o-shanters, shawl capes, evening kilts, wet dress jackets, shown to the pl of reels and laments brought Tatoo to Conduit Street.

Appropriately the collection I be shown near Edinburgh, evening showings, at which neess Margaret will be Guest Honour, will be on October 9, Marchmont, Greenlaw, the ne of Sir Robert and Lady Ewen, in aid of the Royal Blind Club and School. (Tickets, 15 sh, including the statutory impagne supper and an untutory discotheque, from Lady nphell, Lennel, Coldstream, wicksire.)

TARTAN is a main theme of in Bates collections for Jean ron and Capricorn also shown t week. But that ends his thland fling. His tartans are de into square djellebabs, ck braid trimmed over his h collared, wrist-ruffled white rts, into long high-waisted afore dresses, beetle-backed in over white shirts. The hidden neck is one of this ter's signatures. Jorng Lang- a has delicious high collars ed under the chin like cutlet ls; John Bates becomingly ups pleted ruffles to frame the e. Dropped shoulders are ther; at Dior on suit jackets, sleeves buttoned from the low m to the wrist; at Jean Varon long, high-waisted dresses. Els are a third, at Dior, edging lars, cuffs and hems; at John es, living his handsome rts.

TARTAN also shaped the career Alan Hershman who is celesting this month his twenty-fifth r of trading as Allan's of ke Street. Mr Hershman's first introduc-

tion to fabrics was when his father, who had a general out-fitters shop in Newport, bought seven yards of tartan. He remembers still how fascinated he was as his father unrolled the bolt of brilliantly coloured material.

Despite this introduction, he went into fabrics by chance, for he came to London in 1928 in time for the general strike and a job in a fabric house was the only one he could find.

It was not until twenty years later, after the War, that he and his brother set up on their own at Duke Street just when imports were re-permitted on quota.

Now he and his brother comb the world for fabrics: silks from France, embroideries from Switzerland and Austria, prints from Italy.

In 1959 Mr Hershman made his first trip to India, where he now has an interest in an atelier in Benarus from which Allan's get their embroidered fabrics that sell from £11 to £100 a yard.

It's a very small studio in a very old house. If you sneezed the building would fall down. But they produce things which the conventional market doesn't. We must have things which are really different. We must create fabrics from our own ideas."

THE FASHION industry has been one of the leaders into the Common Market, skipping across the Channel with cheerful alacrity. First Jaeger's, then Rayne, then Ossie Clark and now Jean Muir.

It's not one-way traffic, for it is Didier Grumbach of Mendes, the French manufacturers who produce the ready-to-wear collections of Givenchy and Ungaro (among others), who stretched his clever hand from Paris to London, both to Ossie Clark and Jean Muir.

"In a world market, we can't be too local," says Jean, who with her husband and managing director Harry Lockart, has been talking with M. Grumbach since Christmas. "Via Mendes, we can expand into the continent."

The first Muir-Mendes collection will be shown next month during the pret-a-porter week in Paris. "Paris," says Miss Muir; "is geared to be a buying centre."

LONDON is a buying centre, too—and an alluring market as well, at which the Continent casts long looks. Latest arrival from Paris is Jean-Marie Armand.

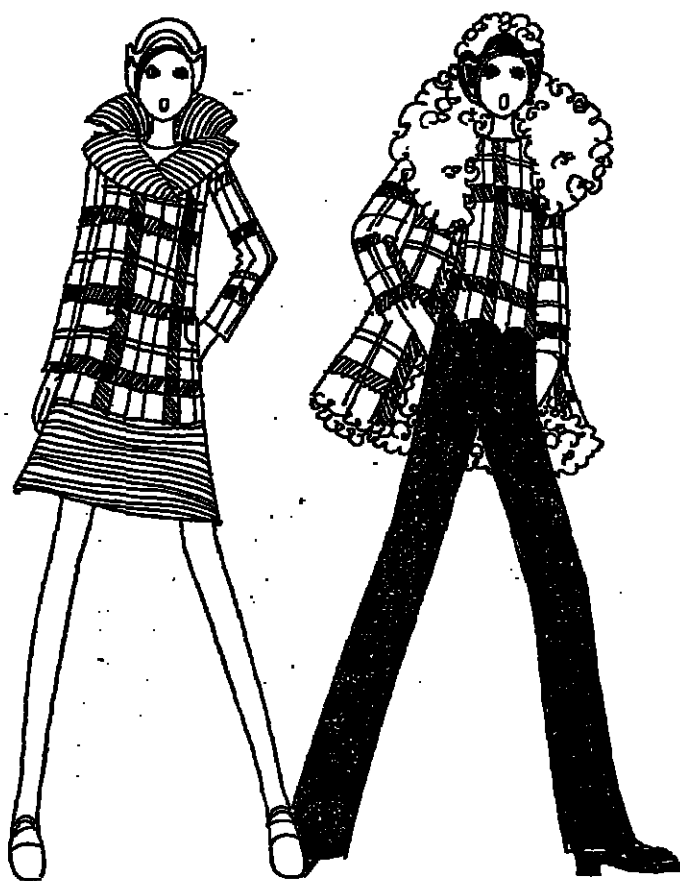
After seven years at Nina Ricci, Armand, now 36, started on his own about five years ago. An artist himself, he handles contrasting fabrics like collages. He sells to Vivienne Marcus, Bonwit Teller and Saks-Fifth Avenue in the USA. We can hope that some enterprising store will snap up his fresh young clothes for London.



TARTAN BY JOHN BATES for Capricorn: under a mini-pina in green wool, a green, yellow and white brushed rayon tartan shirt and long plicated skirt; with it goes a long green wool coat, full skirted and, high-waisted. Together, about £50 at Lucienne Phillips, 89 Knightsbridge and at Belleville-Sassoon, 185 Sloane Street, from November.

TARTAN BY JORN LANGBERG at Christian Dior-London: long skirt of black silk organza, tartan checked in red, yellow and green sequins, below a short jacket in black velvet, its black buttons silver-edged. At Christian Dior-London, 9 Conduit Street.

Drawing by David Wolfe



TARTAN FROM FRANCE by Jean-Marie Armand: Left, long jacket in black, white and blue quilted wool voile, collared and pocketed in pale blue matedassé wool voile like the dress beneath; matching cloche and clogs. Right, purple suede catsuit topped in orange, purple, yellow and green wool voile, matching jacket lined in orange baby lamb's wool.

Sketches by Christian Benais



CHECKS BY WALLIS in yellow, red and blue for a wide-shouldered short top. £13.95 at all £3.95 at Russell & Bromley. Blue cashmere polo necked sweater by Ballentyne, £9.75 at Piccadilly Cashmere House, 166 Piccadilly. Photograph by Patrick Lichfield. Hair by Herta at Vidal Sassoon.

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SUNDAYTIMES
Crossword No. 2429

Across
1 Leave makes one roll up paid if he didn't have
be in residence. (8)

<p>(before one should almost. (8)</p> <p>5 Not being independent, a girl goes back to Virginia. (6)</p> <p>10 One who got the post had to put clothes on in the middle of a river. (9)</p> <p>11 Writing materials for stars. (5)</p> <p>12 Collect in the jungle and scream. (5)</p> <p>13 Give me tea mixed with stew as something to eat. (9)</p> <p>14 the lowest level there is some heat in the crushed stone. (10)</p> <p>17 One Westminster man's making up to these rascals. (4)</p> <p>19 Wood as a playwright. (41)</p> <p>20 A pain so converted to drunkenness. (10)</p> <p>22 A dance is freely roaming</p>	<p>Down</p> <p>1 Signalling for something drink in a depressed state (8, 7)</p> <p>2 Game bird has this name crest in behind part. (3) Bend over in a river for flower. (8)</p> <p>4 Blasts of wind come fit the stars about the side of supper. (5)</p> <p>6 Gives out a cockney greeting to Eliot? (6)</p> <p>7 Matthews used to go round mixed teams, as a skilled in informative events. (9)</p> <p>8 Desire to play the lead part on the Council is show an inclination to fight. (4, 2, 9)</p> <p>9 Sees real middle in a character. (8)</p> <p>15 A company of the provided by a group</p>
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24 With us. (9)
25 Did need for the lift. (5)
26 Behand him before giving
time to make a illness.
(5)
27 Thus an age of vulgar
entertainment provides
such a broadcast series.
(4, 5)
28 " Jealous in honour, _____
and quick in quarrel " (A.Y.L.I.). (6)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
				9			
10					11		

12					13				
14		15				16			17
18					20				

25 book tokens are awarded for the first five correct solutions opened. Solutions must be received not later than Thursday, March 1, "Crossword" in the top left-hand corner of the envelope, addressed in The Sunday Times, 13 Colley St., London, WC9 9J

Address: 1. Star-gazers; 8. Scab; 10. Corn-dealer; 11. Ka
2. Rumours; 15. Prisoner; 16. Sowing; 17. Puddington Gre
9. Sarned; 20. Sabbi; 22. Mill; 23. Relatively; 26. Ne
Telegraph
Down; 2. Trick; 3. Raro; 4. Ardour; 5. Elaborate detail; 6. She
Aboriginal; 9. Condiments; 12. Cinderella; 13. Bess
4. Sengal; 15. Peppermint; 19. Decent; 20. Saring; 23. B

Winners of Crossword No. 2428: Mrs E. Gillies, 74 Chantry
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MEPHISTO 650 IS IN THE MAGAZINE

50

